

1½d.

Daily Mirror

HOW TO OBTAIN
"DAILY MIRROR"
FOUNTAIN PENS,
SEE PAGE 11.

No. 188.

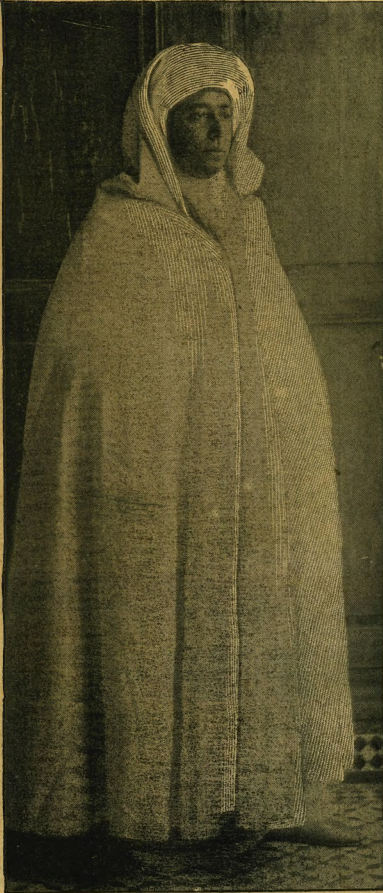
Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

UP-TO-DATE BRIGAND FIGHTS THE WORLD.

[See also page 12.]



Abdul Aziz, the Sultan of Morocco, is an utterly insignificant man in his own country. His ideas are European and his country is not. Consequently, he is quite incapable of coping with such a man as the brigand Raisuli.



The town of Tangier, seen from the bay in which the foreign warships are now anchored to enforce the release of Mr. Perdicaris.



The brigand Raisuli is a greater man than the Emperor in Morocco, and by his daring capture of Mr. Perdicaris has compelled the Emperor to grant him the terms he demands.—(From a sketch by one of his former captives.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 11.

WITH SHOT AND SHELL

Four Days' Fighting Ten Miles from Port Arthur.

DOGGED RESISTANCE.

Every Soldier Taken from the Fortress to Fight at the Front.

From the unofficial accounts which come to hand, it is evident that fighting is proceeding daily at Port Arthur, and news of a decisive engagement is expected at almost any moment. Chinese refugees are flying from the invested fortress, this time with the permission of the Russians. They report that a battle has been raging for four days within ten miles of Port Arthur. Every day the Japanese fleet bombards the fortress, and many of the forts and buildings have been damaged. It is stated that the entrance to the harbour is still blocked to large ships.

Admiral Togo's fleet has been reinforced by twelve warships which were damaged in the operations before Port Arthur, and which have been repaired.

Owing to a rumour in St. Petersburg that a report by Admiral Wigtort from Port Arthur contained a portion which was suppressed, and which afforded grave uneasiness regarding the fate of Port Arthur, a feeling of gloom prevails in the Russian capital. In well-informed circles it is stated that the situation at the fortress is considered to be disastrous.

Nothing is known of General Kuropatkin's movements, and the impression is spreading that he has abandoned the idea of attempting to relieve the garrison at Port Arthur.

TEN MILES OFF.

Chinese Refugees Report Four Days' Fighting at Port Arthur.

CHIFU, Thursday.

The Chinese are leaving Port Arthur with the permission of the Russian authorities. Every junk at Port Arthur has been chartered to bring the Chinese out.

Fifty junks left the port with Chinese yesterday morning, and are now arriving here, the refugees including both merchants and coolies.

The reports they bring vary, but they agree that a battle has been raging for four days within ten miles of Port Arthur.

Every soldier has left the fortress for the front, and only three large ships and a number of small ones remain in the harbour. What has become of the other ships the Chinese are unable to explain.

All the forts, they say, have been more or less damaged by the recent bombardments.—Reuter's Special Service.

DAILY BOMBARDMENT.

CHIFU, Thursday.

The Russians have several fortified positions between their present ones, seven miles out, and the country under the forts of Port Arthur.

The Japanese fleet is bombarding Port Arthur daily from a distance.—Reuter's Special Service.

FORTS BADLY DAMAGED.

A later message says the Chinese refugees state that the outer forts at Port Arthur have been badly damaged by the Japanese fire, but the inner forts have suffered little. Many buildings in the town have also been destroyed.

Very few Chinese now remain at Port Arthur.—Reuter's Special Service.

HARBOUR CLOSED TO BIG SHIPS.

It is reported by the Chinese refugees that the entrance to the harbour is still blocked. Large ships are unable to pass, while gunboats and torpedo boats can pass at high tide only.

According to a Rome message, the attack upon Port Arthur practically began on Tuesday, when Japanese reconnoitring forces came into contact with and fought the Russian advance posts.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

TOGO RECONNOITRING.

Admiral Togo reports, says a Reuter's message from Tokio, that on Tuesday night he sent eight small torpedo boats from the battleships to make a

reconnaissance of Port Arthur. They went in and were exposed to the Russian fire. One sailor and one petty officer were killed. The boats suffered no damage.

On Monday some men were landed south of Sanshantao Island to make a reconnaissance.

MORE WARSHIPS FOR THE ATTACK.

Twelve Japanese warships which were damaged during the operations off Port Arthur have been repaired, and have sailed to reinforce Admiral Togo's fleet.

GLOOM IN RUSSIA.

Port Arthur's Situation Regarded as Disastrous.

PARIS, Thursday.

From St. Petersburg it is rumoured that Admiral Wigtort's report, mentioned in Admiral Alexieff's telegram yesterday, contained a portion which was suppressed, and which afforded grounds for grave uneasiness regarding the fate of Port Arthur.

It is declared that Admiral Wigtort takes a very pessimistic view of the situation.—Reuter.

Another message from St. Petersburg says that the mutilation of Admiral Wigtort's report is causing great anxiety, and the nation is taking a pessimistic view as to the situation at the fortress, which, in well-informed circles, is considered to be disastrous.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

SUNKEN RUSSIAN SHIPS FOUND.

TOKIO, Thursday.

Two Russian ships have been discovered under water, one about three cables west of North Sanshantao, believed to be the cruiser Boyarin, and the other south-west of South Sanshantao, believed to be the Nonny (?).—Reuter.

WAR RUMOURS AFFECT STOCKS.

PARIS, Thursday.

To-day's Bourse opened with a hesitating tendency, owing to the contradictory news arriving from the Far East. Later on the rumour of a Russian success at Port Arthur caused a rally, but towards the close the prices receded again, the report of the Russian victory not being confirmed.—Reuter.

Port Arthur and what it contains in ships, guns, munitions, stores, fortifications, and the rest is stated to be worth at least £25,000,000.

THE CONGO SCANDAL.

Commons Champion the "Fair Fame of Civilisation."

"This horrible scandal." Thus Sir Charles Dilke referred to the condition of affairs in the Congo State to which he called attention when the House of Commons went into Committee of Supply yesterday. The revolting condition of affairs revealed by recent official correspondence justified interference, he claimed.

He suggested an appeal to the United States for joint action in the matter. Had not the time come to sweep away all difficulties and for the Government to act by stronger measures than mere words and dispatches?

Earl Percy, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, agreed that a cumulative and horrible indictment had been brought forward by missionaries, traders, and others against Congo rule.

The situation had been somewhat altered by the last reply addressed to us by the Congo Government, who now said they were willing to set about an investigation. One consideration that made it impossible for us to pronounce satisfactory the steps that the Congo Government announced was that we were wholly in the dark as to the nature of the inquiry they proposed, or the tribunal that was to carry it out.

His Majesty's Government thought the matter should be referred to an international tribunal, but that he hoped the Congo State would view it in that light.

DOCTOR FOR MR. PERDICARIS.

Sultan Again Gives Way to Raisuli's Demands.

TANGIER, Thursday.

The reported landing of a force of American marines here resolved itself into an incident of very small proportions. The Belgian Minister is still at Fez. His wife, who is an American lady, lives in an isolated house here, and the American Consul sent two unarmed marines to reassure her.

The Sultan's troops have received orders to proceed to Fez. This indicates that another of Raisuli's demands has been granted. The Sultan is apparently giving way slowly in order not to excite the Moors by betraying his humiliating position.

Letters received from Mr. Perdicaris state that he is unwell. A doctor from the cruiser Baltimore is under orders to proceed to attend upon him, and negotiations are in progress to procure a safe conduct for him.

The negotiations for the release of the captives are proceeding slowly.—Reuter.

FIERCE LABOUR WAR.

Five Thousand Shots Fired in a Miners' Riot in Colorado.

The labour war in Colorado is developing into a serious conflict between the authorities and the miners. It is feared that there will be a serious loss of life, as both sides are armed and determined.

Already four miners have been killed and a number wounded at a conflict at Dunville. Over five thousand shots were exchanged.

Armed men have wrecked the office of the "Record" newspaper, the organ of the miners.

KING'S AUSTRIAN GUEST.

Archduke Frederick To-day Reviews the First Army Corps.

The Archduke Frederick of Austria yesterday morning handed to the King at Buckingham Palace his baton, which is the emblem of his new rank of Field-Marshal in the Austro-Hungarian army. The ceremony was private and informal.

During the morning the Archduke received at Buckingham Palace a deputation from the board of management of the Francis Joseph Institute. The members present included Messrs. Louis Felberman, M. Rapp, J. Singer, S. Pollitzer, M. Weiss, and H. Lowenfeld.

In the afternoon a visit was made to the Military Tournament, where the Archduke occupied the royal box, and was loudly cheered.

In the evening a State banquet was given by the King at the Palace, in honour of his foreign guests.

To-day the Archduke visits Aldershot for the review of the First Army Corps on Laffan's Plain. He will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Connaught, the 1st Dragoon Guards, of which regiment the Emperor of Austria is Colonel-in-Chief, will provide the escort.

THE SPORTING PARSON.

Archbishop of Canterbury on National Recreation.

The Primate made an interesting contribution to a discussion upon "The legitimate place of athletics in the national life" at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference at Lambeth Palace yesterday.

He said that he was sometimes told that England had lost a good deal through the diminution of the number of—practically the abolition of—the old type of sporting parsons, because the old sporting parson was believed to be in close touch with a large number of those for whom it was felt to be a good thing that he should be in touch with.

The Archbishop believed that whatever good there was in that state of affairs would be multiplied many times over by the clergy taking part in the wholesome recreation of their parishioners.

LONDON A PAGAN CITY.

Only 18 Per Cent. of the Population Go to Church.

"London is practically a Pagan city," said Archdeacon Sinclair yesterday, in the course of his annual address to clergy and churchwardens at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn.

In a subsequent interview with a *Mirror* representative, the Rev. Archdeacon said, "Londoners have got out of the habit of going to church."

Bishop Taft aimed at one clergyman to every 2,000 persons, but the present proportion in most parishes is one every 5,000, or even 5,000.

Pastoral care under these circumstances is possible only for a very few. The consequence is that only 18 per cent. of the population go to any church, chapel, or mission hall of any denomination.

TO COERCE THE CUNARD.

The reduction in the British Conference Atlantic steamship companies of the steerage rate to 43 comes into force on Monday.

The manager of one of the Liverpool passenger-carrying companies said yesterday that they had cut the rate in order to force the Cunard to come to some arrangement with regard to the third-class fares.

ALAKE AND ARCHBISHOP.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced his intention of giving a garden-party in honour of the Alake of Abeokuta. The king is also to be entertained to dinner by the West African section of the London Chamber of Commerce.

CEYLON'S NEW GOVERNOR.

The King has appointed Mr. Alexander Murray Ashmore, C.M.G., Government Secretary of British Guiana, to be Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary of Ceylon.

FIFTY YEARS AT THE PALACE.

Sir August Manns Passes His Jubilee

To-day.

MUSICAL MEMORIES.

Sir August Manns, the founder of the Saturday afternoon symphony concerts, to-day keeps up the jubilee of his reign as musical director at the Crystal Palace.

Interviewed at his residence on Gipsy Hill by a *Mirror* representative last night, Sir August bent himself in a retrospective fashion. "Not many men are in harness at eighty, and that is my age next March."

"When I first came to the Palace from Berlin I resigned over a dispute with the chief conductor about a composition. Shortly after, I accepted his position, and the following year, Saturday, October 20, 1855, I introduced the first of a series of Saturday concerts."

"The idea of music in those long ago days was conveyed by the volume of sound, and a spirited brass band of sixty-three players made up the orchestra."

KISSED BY MEYERBEER.

"The orchestra in '56 had so improved that the performance received the attention of the best amateurs and the Press. In 1862 Meyerbeer came to England for the exhibition, and came to hear my symphony concert."

"His praise was expressed at the conclusion of the performance in quite a German fashion. He threw his arms round me and kissed my cheeks."

"In 1865 Beethoven's music was introduced, and many were the obstacles in my path. The English are musicians; not, perhaps, so impulsive as the German or French, but as appreciative."

"To give you some idea of the public taste," explained Sir August Manns, "I must tell you a little story of the kind of patronage I heard about my symphony orchestra when walking through the crowds."

"Will there be a concert?" asked one man. "No, lad, there's no singing; but there's a band." Most discouraging! In ten years after the introduction of the best music the concert-room was packed."

A MODEL ORCHESTRA.

Sir August Manns rightly claims to have spent his life as a reproductionist and not as a composer. He gave the Crystal Palace an orchestra which was the model for others to work on.

The Palace boasts one of the largest orchestral libraries in the world, and other musical directors made use of it.

"Here is the place for the young composer, was the saying amongst musicians," explained Sir August, "and no foreign artist came to England without writing to the Palace for permission to appear. Rubinstein, the composer and player, and Viennese, the great violinist, in the height of their fame asked to appear. In fact, from the early sixties there was not an artist or well-known amateur in Europe who was not anxious to play at the Saturday concerts."

HIS FAVOURITE COMPOSER.

Sir August Manns's favourite composer, he confessed, is Beethoven. "Why does Beethoven's music take hold of our hearts and souls?" he exclaimed the hale old conductor.

"I can't say; but this I know—those beautiful soul-stirring melodies of the great master have brought up wells of tears when I have been holding the baton."

Speaking of other masters, Sir August said "Mozart's music is like the sunshine; Haydn is the father of the symphony and the string quartette; Wagner, ah, a great artist and a man, foremost in genius, with an advantage over Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, is full of passion, thunder, storm—grand."

"Mendelssohn—yes, he gave us the greatest piece of art since Beethoven in his Scotch Symphony."

Sir August Manns added, on parting with the *Mirror* representative, "I feel I cannot take the responsibility of the Handel Concerts any longer; the rehearsals under me and I must make room for younger men." Dr. Cowen will probably succeed.

TOO BUSY FIGHTING DUELS.

Lieutenant Bilse, whose scathing indictment in a novel of life in a German garrison town lost him his commission and landed him in prison, was expected to arrive in London yesterday.

The publisher of the English version of his book invited several distinguished people to meet Lieutenant Bilse at luncheon yesterday, and also a theatre party was arranged for last night.

Both luncheon and theatre party took place, but there was no Lieutenant Bilse.

The truth of the matter is that this soldier-author has been busy fighting duels with people who imagine that they are caricatures in his book.

He has been severely wounded, but he has one more duel to fight. If he gets through this satisfactorily, he will be in London before long.

A JUNGLE HEROINE.

British Resident's Brave Widow Sues Her Solicitors.

HONOURED BY VICTORIA.

There have been many actions in the High Court lately in which complaints have been made of mismanagement by solicitors of the affairs of their clients.

A case of this sort, tried before Mr. Justice Grantham yesterday, was of especial interest from the fact that the fair plaintiff was Mrs. Miller, who as Mrs. Ethel Grimwood was such a popular heroine in the year 1891.

Mr. Grimwood was British Resident at Manipur, in Assam, and in February, 1891, he was killed by the soldiers of the local rajah.

With a force of three Gurkhas he and his wife resisted in the residency, and during the siege Mrs. Grimwood repeatedly risked her life under heavy fire to tend the wounded.

When—her husband dead, and the position of things hopeless—she managed to escape by night, she had to make her way through the jungle without aid and with her clothes in tatters, for she had torn pieces off her garments to make bandages for the wounded Gurkhas.

When she arrived in England the late Queen bestowed the Royal Cross of St. George on her for her heroism and a pension of £300 a year.

It was hard to imagine that the elegantly-dressed woman who went into the witness-box in court was once crawling through the jungle with hardly a stitch on her back.

A Charming Picture.

The lady who is now Mrs. Miller, having married Mr. Miller in 1895, was wearing a charming costume, in which a large white fluffy bow figured prominently. Her attire included a tasteful, black-trimmed waist, and she wore white gloves and immaculate white gloves. With her wealth of blonde hair and apple-cheeked complexion she presented a very pretty picture indeed.

The cause of her trouble was, she said, that she had been persuaded by Mr. Bloomer to invest £500 in a Cornish diamond-mining business in Bond-street. She did not know at the time that it was in a state of insolvency, or that the furniture had been obtained on the hire system.

The business was called "Madame Hugh Barry," but it belonged to a Mrs. Shadwell. Mr. Bloomer, asserted Mrs. Miller, knew that Mrs. Shadwell was in difficulties. In fact, he knew that lady much better than he knew herself.

Eventually Mrs. Shadwell became bankrupt, but she herself was not included in the bankruptcy.

After Mr. Dickens, K.C., had cross-examined Mrs. Miller the case was adjourned.

HUNGRY CATERPILLARS.

Acres of Gooseberry Bushes Eaten Bare.

Small, greyish-green caterpillars in countless hosts have invaded Middlesex fruit gardens, and destroyed acres of gooseberry bushes.

The insects are not touching the fruit, but in a few hours after they have landed on a bush not a leaf remains.

The caterpillars are most systematic in their work of destruction. They carefully, but quickly, travel up one row of bushes and down the next, and so on, until the whole field has been destroyed. They then move on to the adjoining garden.

At Hounslow, Ealing, Trickham, and Feltham there are hundreds of acres of land covered with leafless bushes.

"We have not had such a plague as this for fifteen years," said a big grower to a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

"The fruit is suffering from the want of the protection of the leaves, and I am afraid that most of the bushes will die."

"Yes, we can kill the insects with soot and lime, but this spoils the berries. The cure is worse than the disease."

A CO-OPERATIVE BAND.

The London Symphony Orchestra—the first co-operative band to be established in this country—received a hearty welcome from the public yesterday at Queen's Hall, under Dr. Richter.

The 100 players are the cream of the instrumentalists of this country.

Yesterday's performance was remarkable for a really superb rendering of Elgar's "Enigma." At Hounslow, Ealing, Trickham, and Feltham there are hundreds of acres of land covered with leafless bushes.

Dr. Richter was enthusiastically "called" many times, and from the grand circle Mr. Henry J. Wood listened with interest to the concert, and vigorously applauded his former bandmen.

THE CONQUERING WINK.

"Prince of Pilsen" Girls Win "Lords" and "Baronets."

"That makes the twenty-third invitation to take a motor-ride that I've had this week. Say, the English nobility must all have motor-cars." The stage doorkeeper at the Shaftesbury Theatre had just handed a bunch of letters to one of the chorus-girls who takes a part in the "Song of the Cities" in "The Prince of Pilsen."

This lady's admirers state that she has the most soul-disturbing wink, the most luring smile, and the most fascinating figure of all the beautiful crowd.

It was while opening her letters that she came across the twenty-third invitation to a ride in a motor-car.

"We get letters here till we can't rest," she remarked to a *Mirror* representative a few minutes later. "I'm not the only one who's in demand," she modestly continued.

"There are enough diners, lunches, and suppers offered to us to feed a small town. You'd smile if you saw the signatures on some of the letters. Your English aristocracy are the most hospitable people I ever met."

"Oh, no," she declared, "it would not be nice at all to show you the names of the 'Lords' in England, and as for the bold, wicked Baronets who write to us, why, they're at a regular discount."

SHOULD WOMEN PREACH?

Dr. Clifford Thinks St. Paul's Prohibition Is Absurd.

"I see no objection to women preaching," said Dr. Clifford in a public utterance recently.

Yesterday he amplified his views to a *Mirror* representative:—

"So far as I know," he said, "the only real objection arises from St. Paul's command that women should keep silence in the churches."

"In these days, however, when woman is accustomed to hold her own in business and in the affairs of everyday life; when she is schoolmistress and lecturer, it is entirely out of date."

"Several English sects encourage women preachers, particularly the 'Primitive Methodist' and the 'Bible Christians.' I myself do as a Baptist. Miss Deane always takes the Sunday evening service at Bosworth Hall, our mission-room."

"I have seen that famous preacher, Mrs. Bonwick, in the pulpit."

"In America it is common, and one of their best preachers, Miss Biggs, was preaching over here not long ago. And it is no new thing, for I remember Clara Lucas Balfour preaching in this country, and that must be fifty years ago."

"There is another point. St. Paul goes on to say that, if women want light thrown on what takes place in church, they must ask their husbands."

"But as, nowadays, there are not enough men to go round, the suggestion is absurd. Let them take their part in religious services."

"These commands of St. Paul were of local, not general, application," he concluded, emphatically.

NEVER SAW A COLLISION.

Old Official Retires from London Bridge After 44 Years.

Mr. R. Pierpoint, the station superintendent of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, is retiring from the service after forty-four years' work.

Yesterday he told a *Mirror* representative that during the thirty years he had been in charge at London Bridge he never had to deal with a collision. No less than 85,000 passengers leave London Bridge a day in 700 trains, and the station staff of guards and porters, the largest of any station in the country, Mr. Pierpoint once had a very anxious time.

The dock rioters, some years ago, after doing considerable damage to the West End shops, sent word that they were marching on to London Bridge.

Four hydrants were fixed, and Mr. Pierpoint called out the full strength of the station fire brigade. The first contingent of dockers on arrival, realising they would be swept off the station approach, fled, and the main body dispersed.

DEATH OF MR. LEITER.

Mr. Leiter, the father of Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy of India, died at Bar Harbour, Maine, yesterday morning.

Mr. Levi Z. Leiter was born at Leitenberg, Washington Co., U.S.A., in 1834. He was clerk in a country general store until 1854, and afterwards became partner in the firm of Cooley, Wadsworth, and Co., Dry Goods Store, of Chicago.

He sold his interests in the latter firm in 1865, when he bought a controlling interest in the dry goods business of Patter, Palmer, and Co., which the firm became Field, Palmer, and Leiter. In 1881 Mr. Leiter retired.

MR. SCHWAB'S PROPHECY.

Thinks the Commercial Tide Will Soon Flow Again.

On the eve of his departure for Paris a *Mirror* representative interviewed Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the American millionaire, whose mastery had guided the fortunes of the Steel Trust in its early days.

Speaking of the financial outlook of England and America, Mr. Schwab declared that the present depression was the rich man's bane. There was a wave of pessimism passing over America.

"The insecurity of speculative investments is not attractive when gilt-edge securities offer such magnificent advantages for income earning, and the money, that would otherwise find employment in industrial concerns, goes to the coffers of the Government Treasury."

"In a superlative sense the time is advantageous to the widower, the clergyman, and others of the same class, but it is a tempting bait to the man of business as well, and millions are diverted from new industrial undertakings to the great loss of the commercial community."

Mr. Schwab prophesied that before the year is out the go-ahead instincts of the people would assert themselves once more, and we shall see things move along at a swift pace.

"The harvest prospects," he said, "were never better, and prosperous times are in view."

FANCY HEAD BALL.

Society Amuses Itself in Whimsical Fashion for Charity.

At ten o'clock last evening, as the Scots Guards band struck up a march, a gray procession filed into the great arena at the Albert Hall.

It was the opening of Lady Pembroke's great head-dress ball in aid of the King's College Hospital Removal Fund.

The leader of the procession wore a Napoleonic head-dress, and then followed in succession Gainsborough and Romney heads, Pierrots and Pierrettes, country girls, japs, birds and beasts of all sorts, Fausts, Marguerites, and Mephistophiles.

An illuminated electric motor-car made a unique head-dress. Youth and age, the one in front, the other behind, was more quaint than proper; an owl with electrically-lit wings was a charming device; and there were Dolly Vardens, shepherds and shepherdesses, soldiers, sailors, and Scotchmen."

The brilliant assemblage filling the boxes included the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Noreen Bass, Lord and Lady Methuen, Lady Pembroke, Lady Esther Smith, and Mrs. Arthur Paget, all of whom entertained big supper parties.

The supper arrangements were perfect, and everything went off without a hitch, dancing being continued until the small hours of this morning.

Some of the beautiful dresses and millinery work will be found described and pictured on page 10.

NELSON'S GRACIOUS GIFT.

Medal Presented to a Dead Sailor's Mother Sold by Auction.

"One hundred pounds, gentlemen; one hundred pounds! No more than a hundred? Going at a hundred pounds!" Rap! came the auctioneer's hammer, and the lot was knocked down.

The occasion was an auction sale by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson yesterday, and the lot knocked down was a gold medal given to Lord Nelson by Alexander Davison in memory of the battle of the Nile (1798).

There is an interesting history attached to it.

Not long before his death Nelson slept one night at Honiton, and met next day the mother of Captain Wescott, who had been killed at the battle of the Nile.

Finding Mrs. Wescott had not received the gold medal to which her son would have been entitled had he lived, Nelson lifted this medal from his neck and gave it to her with the remark, "You will not value it less because Nelson has worn it."

The medal subsequently came into the possession of Miss Margaret Lott, a granddaughter of Mr. Wescott, who left it at her death to her nephew—George Blagdon Wescott.

It was bought at the figure mentioned by a Mr. Burrell.

CABMASTERS' DISLOYALTY.

"The cab trouble, apparently, is by no means disposed of," said Mr. Hill, the union's secretary, yesterday.

"Certain masters are not sticking to the Federation's decision to take 1s. They are trying to induce the men to give more, and if they cannot, they are trying to get the back of their licences. This is tantamount to dismissal."

"The fact of the matter is the Federation is not properly organised. If they say '14s.,' all the masters should abide by it. But they don't."

DROWNED AT PLAY.

Welsh Boy's Hoop Found Beside a Pool Near Home.

SOUNDING THE HILLS.

The mystery surrounding the whereabouts of the little fellow Griffith Rees Morgan, the six-year-old child of Aberaman, concerning whom there has been such a hue and cry among the Welsh hills since Tuesday, was cleared up early yesterday morning, when his lifeless body was found in the River Cynon, near the grief-stricken parents' home.

A party, numbering 106, were specially appointed by the central committee to search a pool in the Cynon river, some forty yards long by ten yards wide. This was thought advisable, as the lad's hoop, which he had taken out of the house, trundling it along as he merrily wended his way to school, had been discovered in the pool by some divers earlier in the evening.

The search proved most difficult, as the pool was overhung with willows whose roots made a veritable mat in the pool itself, so it was impossible to use grappling irons. The bottom, too, was most uneven.

Divers at Work.

P.C. Simon Lloyd, however, under whose direction these men worked, having cut a pool in the willows, had the river diverted by cutting a deep trench through an elbow in the field adjoining. There were plenty of willing helpers to do the necessary spade work, but divers still failed to discover the body.

Lloyd then had a rake specially made in the middle of the night by a neighbouring blacksmith, with four prongs, each a yard long by ten yards wide, with a handle left long. With this he stood in the water waist-deep and searched every foot of the pool for thirty yards down bit by bit, bringing to sight numerous dead dogs and ultimately the child's body.

A wire was at once sent to Aberdare, where a mass meeting was being held, and the boaters of the neighbouring colonies were sounded to apprise the searchers in the mountains that their self-imposed task was ended.

Simultaneously with the finding of the body, the bloodhounds from the kennel of Colonel Joynton, of Leamington, arrived, but, of course, their services were no longer needed.

STRANDED STAGE FOLK.

Hundreds of Actors and Actresses Out of Work.

The slump in the theatrical business in the provinces has filled the Strand and its immediate vicinity during the daytime with hundreds of unemployed actors and actresses, who walk to and fro between the various agents' offices seeking a "shop."

Their numbers have been greatly increased by an influx of chorus men and girls who have been thrown out of work through the scarcity of musical comedies going on tour for the summer season.

The artists who play all the year round in the provinces are quite unknown in London, and it is very difficult for them to get placed in any of the big theatres. There is no opening in the suburban houses, as these do not keep stock companies.

Even when they are regularly employed their salaries are so small that it is almost hopeless to put away anything for hard times.

Few Successes.

In speaking on the subject yesterday to a *Mirror* representative, Mr. Herbert Blackmore said: "There are a great number of theatrical people out of employment at the present time, and the outlook is not cheerful."

"The reason that there are not so many companies on tour with dramas is because we have no successes to put on the road like there were twenty years ago, and, again, on account of the cheap two-houses-per-night of the theatres."

"These places of amusement have sprung up in nearly every town of any importance," said Mr. Blackmore, "and they have done a great deal towards closing up the provincial theatres."

"The working man can take his family to the music-hall and get good seats for 4d. each. He smokes his pipe, has his beer, and is entertained by boiled-drum dramas or operas (called sketches), in addition to five or six variety turns."

"It is all over by 8.30 or 8.45, and then he can go home and sleep ready for his morning work."

Tired of Music.

"The musical comedies do not draw so well, because the provincial public are getting tired of them and want a change."

"There are a fair number of jobs open to artists, but there are too many people for them."

"Women rush into the theatrical profession when they are better fitted for serving buns in a tea-shop."

"Managers are often handicapped by having to take novices in their productions, either on account of influence brought to bear by their financial backers, or because they find it necessary to accept premiums from ambitious amateurs."

DETECTIVE'S "BUMPS."

Phrenologist's Opinion of a Budding "Sherlock Holmes."

"At that time were you planning the ruin of Slater?"

This was a question put to Francis William Stephens, who was formerly a detective employed at Slater's agency, in the course of his cross-examination by Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., at Bow-street yesterday.

Stephens had grievances against his former employer, and brought a slander action against him. In answer to Mr. Gill's question, he said, "I might have said something to that effect while smarting under the injustice which I had received."

In a letter which Stephens wrote to Cartwright, another ex-employee of the detective agency, the passage occurred, "If we could but knock George Tinsley (Slater) I may—but more of this anon."

That, he explained to Mr. Gill, did not mean that they were planning to ruin Slater body and soul, but he (Stephens) would have liked to have punished him.

Mr. Gill: I see. You would ruin him in this world, but he might have his chance hereafter. You meant revenge?—Slightly.

In other letters from Stephens to Cartwright these passages appeared: "My earnest desire is that your wildest dreams may be realised," "The application for absolute will be the month of June, so something must take place soon. Am glad they are worrying George" (Slater), "Never be associated with anything dishonourable to a young woman. The man you have in tow deserves to be used as you are doing."

This last passage, the witness said, did not relate to a transaction in which Cartwright received £500 from a young woman to get some one to adopt her child.

Phrenologist's and Palmist's Views.

In cross-examination by Mr. Muir, who defends Slater, Stephens said that he entered Slater's service in November, 1900.

Mr. Muir: Before doing that did you consult a phrenologist?—I saw a friend of Mr. Slater's to please him.

Did the phrenologist pronounce that nature had intended you for a Sherlock Holmes?—He said lots of stupid things.

Did you also consult a palmist?—Yes, by order of Mr. Slater.

And were the auguries of the palmist also favourable to your entering the detective service? What was your view of them?—I thought they were very nice.

Were those the only recommendations you had of going into the service?—I was a personal friend of Mr. Slater at the time.

The case was again adjourned.

WEDDING GUESTS' UPSET.

Dress Ruined, Watch Smashed, and Hat "Made Funny."

Invited to a wedding Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bruce, of Brompton-road, hired a carriage and pair from Harrod's Stores. When they were returning from the ceremony the horses bolted, and the carriage collided so violently with a van that the occupants were thrown out. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were injured, and their wedding clothes spoiled, the lady losing some jewellery.

In the High Court yesterday compensation was claimed from Messrs. Harrod, it being alleged that the horses were restive and the driver unskilful. This was denied. The plaintiffs' counsel said it would call evidence to the effect that the horses was a vicious and uncontrollable brute. Its career was fittingly terminated by its running down a hill and dashing into a tree.

Mr. Bruce said he was still unable to attend to his business. In the accident his coat was torn, his watch smashed, and his hat made very funny to look at.

Mrs. Bruce followed her husband's "tale of woe" with particulars of a torn seventeen-guinea dress, a completely smashed guinea bonnet, and lost jewellery, the value of which she did not know.

The hearing was not concluded.

TAKING A LESSON TO HEART.

While John Ball, a Lambeth watchman, was on bail on a charge of assaulting his wife she wrote the following letter to him from hospital:—

Dear Jack,—I hope you will get on all right at the court, and that you will come and see me as soon as you can. I am so sorry this affair has happened. It will be a lesson to me, and I won't drink again. I have been worried so. I hope the children are all right.

The Westminster magistrate yesterday discharged Ball, who had stated that he pushed his wife out of the house owing to her intoxicated condition.

The condition of the King of Saxony continues to cause anxiety.—Reuter.

Mr. Charles M. Callow, the Marshal of the Admiralty and Chief Clerk of the Admiralty Registry, completes fifty years of service under the Crown to-day. Having entered the Registry as a junior clerk on June 10, 1854.

WIFE'S CUP OF BITTERNESS.

Union of Two Well-known Cornwall Families Has a Painful Ending.

October 13, 1901.

As, owing to my dear father's death in April last, reference has been repeatedly made to certain letters I wrote to him relative to you, and which letters contained accusations against you which I have since found to have been unfounded, I think the least thing I can do now, although you have not even suggested it, is, before I leave England, to write you this letter, assuring you most positively that I now know and believe that all such accusations were entirely false, and that I am deeply sorry for ever having written them.

So far as is possible I have forgotten them, and ask you to do so also, and to forgive me for having written them.

The above document was read in Sir Francis Jeune's Court yesterday. It was the first time that its contents had been made known—explained Mr. Duke, K.C.—to any one except the lady to whom it was directed, and her professional adviser.

A SOCIAL LANDMARK.

The lady was Mrs. Eleanor Elizabeth Tremayne, née Miss Rashleigh, a daughter of one of the proudest houses in Cornwall, and the reason for the reading of it was the fact that she was bringing a suit for divorce against the writer, Mr. John Tremayne, the son of the Mr. Tremayne who was, until recently, well known in the House of Commons as one of Cornwall's most popular members.

When the marriage between the two young people took place in 1897, it was looked upon as quite a landmark in the county-family history of Cornwall. Everybody, said Mr. Duke, hoped that the happiest of unions would be the result, for the social positions of bride and bridegroom were both equally distinguished.

As Mr. Duke went on to use the words "wood and won," pictures of alcoves at county balls and rides home from the hunting field were called up before the imagination of his audience.

But the learned counsel soon left the region of aristocratic romance and came to the hard, illogical realities of life.

Very soon after the marriage, he continued, Mr. Tremayne showed that he had no real affection for his wife, and in 1899, two years after the wedding, he made a very unhandy announcement to her. He said that he intended to live with her for the time being, but that after his father, Mr. John Tremayne, M.P., and Mr. Rashleigh were dead his plan was to live apart from her.

In 1900 the young couple were living, somewhat unhappily, on a small estate in Wales, and Mr. Tremayne proceeded to show that his threat

was no idle one. He continually absented himself from the home.

At length, in the March of that year, he came to the house, and packed up that part of the Tremayne plate which had been brought there. He then disappeared with the plate.

Mrs. Tremayne did her best to get him to return, and at length was successful, after there had been serious talk of an action for restitution of conjugal rights.

Just before the reconciliation, or just after it, Mr. Duke went on, an important event occurred at Biarritz. The head of the Tremaynes, Mr. John Tremayne, died in that town. In his will it was found that clauses had been expressly put in debarring his son's wife, or any children that she might bear, from participating in the fortune that he had left.

There was no question, commented counsel, that Mr. Tremayne was a man of well-known justice and probity, but it was shown afterwards that he had been poisoned against his daughter-in-law.

In spite of the injustice done her by her father-in-law, Mrs. Tremayne still persevered in the effort to do her duty as the wife of her husband. She continued to live with him until October, 1901.

In that month she started on a long sea voyage, but before he went performed an act of justice. He gave to her the document that appears above.

It was handed up to Sir Francis Jeune, who read it, while Mr. Duke explained that Mrs. Tremayne up till now had shown it to no one except her lawyers.

RECONCILIATION IMPOSSIBLE.

Mr. Tremayne having gone on the voyage, remained away from his wife for a very long time. Once again last year efforts were made to bring them together, but these attempts at a second reconciliation were unavailing. Mrs. Tremayne, therefore, found herself obliged to bring a suit for restitution of conjugal rights, and a decree directing her husband to return to her was pronounced last summer. He refused to comply with the order, so the present suit for divorce on the ground of desertion, coupled with misconduct, was brought.

The evidence of Mrs. Tremayne in support of Mr. Duke's opening was very brief, but it was long enough for the people in court to admire thoroughly the tall, girlish figure that stood before them. Mrs. Tremayne is one of Cornwall's fairest daughters, a brunette with beautiful dark eyes. She was dressed very simply in a costume of black.

After evidence had been given of misconduct on Mr. Tremayne's part—he was watched, when it was discovered he was in London, and seen leaving a West End music-hall with an undesirable female acquaintance—Sir Francis Jeune put an end to the Cornish marriage that had once been full of such happy promise.

THE BURDEN OF LIFE.

Sad Letter from Missing Mr. Melhuish to His Parents.

An inquest held at St. Germans, Cornwall, yesterday, cleared up the mystery of the disappearance of Mr. Melhuish. He was on a visit to his sister at Saltash, and disappeared last Monday week.

On the body, which was found in a wood with a revolver by its side, was a letter addressed to his parents. In it he said his life had become an intolerable burden, in spite of the overwhelming kindness of all.

A load of depression had settled upon his mind which he was quite unable to dismiss by affectionate cheerfulness, and he felt that in that condition he should be as useless to his family as he was burdensome to himself.

He returned a verdict that deceased killed himself with a revolver, he being at the time insane through suffering from intense melancholia.

RECOGNISED IN HIS COFFIN.

A dramatic incident occurred yesterday at the funeral of an unidentified man who had been found drowned on the marsh at Longton, near Preston.

The service in the village church was nearly over, when a Blackburn woman, named Wiggins, arrived and asked that the coffin should be opened. This being done, she immediately recognised the deceased as her husband, who had been missing since Friday. She took away the body to Blackburn.

£500 FOR A PLUNGE.

As compensation for his involuntary plunge into the sea at Ryde when in the act of leaving the Brighton Queen, which he had boarded by mistake, Mr. F. V. Madoc was awarded £500 damages in the King's Bench Division yesterday against the Captain, owners, and charterers of the steamer. The Judge granted a stay of execution.

MIND OF A MURDERER.

Sailor's Remarkable Letter of Confession.

In the course of outlining at the Thames Police Court yesterday the story of the murder which took place on board the s.s. Waiwera during her homeward voyage from New Zealand, Mr. Frayling, appearing on behalf of the Treasury, read a very remarkable letter.

It had been written by John Sullivan, the sailor who is charged with the crime. Sullivan, it is alleged, on the night of May 18 went up to Dennis Lowthian, a ship's boy, and felled him to the deck with an axe.

After Sullivan had been put in irons he called the captain and said that a letter would be found in his pocket dealing with the facts of the case. The letter, which was addressed to one of the crew, commenced:—

This is my last declaration in this world, as I am about to take the life of Lowthian, and should give some reason for it.

I have been better than a father and mother to him. I waited on him as if I was a paid servant.

"A Pure, Innocent Face."

I found him to be one of the lowest specimens of humanity I ever met; the most audacious liar I ever met. While he would look at you in the face, with a pure, innocent face, of the viper himself. He was also a thorough accomplished thief.

I have seen him steal money from off a counter in Littleton. He broke the church clock at home, and told me he laughed while his father used to talk about the blackguards who did it.

I washed his clothes, and did everything for him. In return he called me names, and gave me no peace. That is now the sole cause for me going to court on this terrible deed.

Lowthian has brought bad charges against me, and as I expect to go before God it is all false. He got me seven days in gaol for assault, and he did everything he could which the Devil could plan out for him.

He will die to-night.

The concluding passage of the letter ran:

I hurt myself internally that sometimes I can hardly breathe. The captain said I was shamming, and he was backed up by a half-lit simple thing, who called himself a doctor, and was working his passage home.

The prisoner was remanded.

A MAGISTRATE'S DIARY.

Recording the Various Phases of a Disagreeable Smell.

In the capacity of witness, Mr. Denman, the Marlborough-street magistrate, at Clerkenwell Sessions Court yesterday, described the peculiar nature of an unpleasant smell which had frequently forced itself upon his notice while performing his official duties.

His evidence was given during the hearing of an appeal by the Acme Investment Company against two convictions by Mr. Marsham at Bow-street for causing a nuisance at the "National Skating Palace," which adjoins Marlborough-street Police Court, by the chemical manufacture of ice.

When Mr. Denman first noticed the small one day in 1902 while he was sitting in court, he thought some of his officials had been engaged in chemical experiments. Then the smell changed, becoming like that arising from a brazier of coals—when one got too close to a man roasting chestnuts in the street. He would describe the smell as a smoky, fiery one.

Afterwards he saw shadows on the wall caused by smoke from the Skating Palace shaft. Against a blue sky the smoke looked brown, against a dull one black. He kept a diary on the bench, in which he entered particulars of the nuisance.

For the appellants it was contended that tests made showed no indication of the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen in the shaft; and witnesses swore that an objectionable smell noticed occasionally proceeded from other premises than the National Skating Palace.

The hearing was adjourned.

POLICE COURT CHARGE DEADLOCK.

An unusual situation arose at Southwark Police Court yesterday, when a remand case was called on, by the non-appearance of both the prosecutor and the accused, who had been allowed bail. The former, a Greek cigarette manufacturer named Jean Pelatos, of Woking-place, had charged Annie Mapel, a young American woman, with stealing two £5 notes from his coat pocket.

The magistrate, in considering whether the recognisances in £50 for the woman's appearance should be estreated, ultimately decided to grant a summons against the surety to show cause why he should not be forced to produce the money, and to issue a warrant for the re-arrest of the woman.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Otto Fyloe, mate of the Dutch oil boat No. 6, threw himself overboard yesterday off Greenwich. His body has not yet been recovered.

Mr. Justice Wills yesterday opened the commission for the Anglesy Assizes at Beaumaris. There was a blank calendar, and no civil causes were entered.

"No town in the country had such rude girls in its streets as Northwich," said the Rev. Father Cregan, a member of the local education authority, in opposing a suggestion to allow mixed classes in a proposed new school.

EARL ROBERTS GETS FULL SALARY.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, answering Mr. Markham in the House of Commons yesterday, said that Earl Roberts's full pay was to be continued up to January, 1906, because at the special request of the Prime Minister he had placed his services at the disposal of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

NUT FRACTURED HIS SKULL.

Thomas Molyneux was at Prescott engaged at a machine winding copper at the rate of a thousand feet per minute, when a nut flew from the cylinder of the winding drum and struck him in the temple. His skull was fractured, and he died within an hour.

POLICE "BLOOMERS."

"You have made a bloomer; I am not dipping," said Albert Wicks, when accused of attempting to pick pockets, and the Lambeth magistrate discharged him.

This is the second time the police have arrested Wicks as a suspected pickpocket and failed to get a conviction.

20,000 TEACHERS WANTED.

To bring the Church schools in London to the level of the old Board schools in respect of staff, 20,000 certificated teachers were needed, said the Rev. Prebendary Hobson at the National Society's annual conference in London.

Five hundred were needed in what they called the London Board schools, and in the whole country from 15,000 to 20,000, either now or in the very near future.

FIVE INQUESTS ON HER CHILDREN.

When the Doncaster coroner held an inquest at Almondbury on the child of Martha Briggs it was stated that this was the woman's eighth illegitimate child, and the fifth inquest held in connection with them.

The jury found that the child died from inattention at birth, and censured the woman's father, who was the only person present at the birth.

CHARGE OF KILLING A FELLOW WORKMAN.

A young man was arrested yesterday at Hales-owen, Birmingham, on a charge of causing the death of Simon Hackett, a nut and bolt manufacturer.

The accused was formerly in Mr. Hackett's service, and yesterday morning the men quarrelled over some tools, the former, it is alleged, striking the other on the head with a piece of iron, the blow causing his death.

ENGLISH CAVALRY MIGHT BE BETTER.

In the official reports on the state of our cavalry it is stated that many of the recent recruits are not of much use to the service, the various grades describing them as "inferior," "untrained," "dumpy," and "moderate."

On the other hand, however, the Inspector-General reports that the British cavalry officer is ahead of his Continental contemporaries in horsemanship and reliance, but does not take as seriously to his profession. The rank and file, it is stated, are not so well drilled as the European conscripts, but, if their individuality is developed, they should become the best mounted men in the world.

FOR THE
HOLIDAY
SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per day for the convenience of holiday-makers.

At the Guildhall a newsboy was fined 5s. yesterday for shouting "Latest winners," to the annoyance of a Mr. Gladham, of Eastcheap.

The cruiser Mohawk underwent a successful steam trial in the North Sea yesterday on returning from the Somali coast, and was afterwards ordered to discharge equipment and pay off.

Glover, the American long distance swimmer, who intends next month to attempt to swim from Dover to Calais, has written stating that he expects to arrive in Dover next week to commence training.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, a serial story from whose pen was recently running through the pages of the *Daily Mirror*, has written another new play, entitled "Lucky Durham," which was produced for the first time last night at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.

MRS. LANGTRY'S JEWELS FOR SALE.

A casket of jewels belonging to Mrs. Langtry will be sold at Christie's on June 20.

The jewels include a brilliant neck chain, brilliant and pearl brooches, a turquoise and brilliant necklace, and emerald, ruby, and brilliant rings.

DIED TO ESCAPE THE WORKHOUSE.

John Norris, a labourer of Kentish Town, was refused outdoor relief by the guardians, and rather than go into the workhouse, he hanged himself behind a door.

Suicide whilst of unsound mind was the verdict at yesterday's inquest.

PRIMATE MAY VISIT BOSTON.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference yesterday, said it might become his duty to attend the great Convention of the Church at Boston, U.S.A., in September and October.

But he wished it to be understood that the matter had not yet been decided.

LONDON MEMBER TO RETIRE.

Sir Thomas Dewar has notified the Conservative and Unionist Associations of the St. George's-in-the-East division that he will not offer himself at the next general election.

Sir Thomas says he has been led to take this step by doctor's advice to confine his work to his private enterprises.

FILLED HIS HOUSE WITH RATS.

At Walsall William Bailey made a match that his dog would kill twenty rats in five minutes, but received notice from the police that if the ratting match came off a prosecution would be instituted.

When he declared the match off Thomas Wells (the other party to it) liberated three cagefuls of rats on plaintiff's premises. They had eaten up grain and potatoes, destroyed a floor, and frightened all the females in the house.

For this Thomas Wells has been ordered to pay 47 damages and costs.

NOVELIST WHO SPENT £40,000.

"An Odd Career," "Beyond these Dreams," and "The Kingdom that Never Came," are books written by Gerald Fitzgerald, of South Kensington, who filed his own petition in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. His estimate showed a slight surplus of assets over liabilities, which were £38,355.

In 1880 he became entitled to £20,000; £210,000 went into an ante-nuptial settlement, and he said he had gradually spent the balance.

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.

The wife of a man named Charles Elliston, of Greenwich, died a natural death on Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, and the husband was left mourning over the body in the bedroom.

When the doctor called yesterday morning he found Mr. Elliston lying on the bed beside the body, dead, having taken a fatal dose of laudanum.

The police were called in, and both bodies now lie side by side in the mortuary waiting for the inquest, which has been arranged to be held to-day.

"ELIJAH" AS PRESS CENSOR.

The arrangements for "Dr." Dowie's visit to London are being kept as close a secret as is possible. A Press representative called yesterday afternoon at the Zion Tabernacle, Euston-road to inquire as to the nature of "Elijah's" programme in the metropolis, but was refused anything in the way of details.

An official admitted that only "members" of the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion" holding tickets would be admitted to the meeting, and he added, there would be no room for the Press.

A request for a ticket was met with the statement that if the reporter would forward a letter undertaking to submit anything and everything in reference to the meetings to "Dr." Dowie or his agent before publication, he would be admitted.

The fees paid to the Crown on private Bills introduced into the House of Lords last year amounted to £34,147 16s. 1d.

The farmers of the Falkland Islands are offering rewards for the destruction of wild geese, with increase and multiply to such an extent as to threaten the subsistence of the sheep.

Captain Hamilton, the chief officer of the London Fire Brigade, who, after his recent attack of German measles, has been recuperating at Hunstanton, returned to town yesterday and resumed command of the brigade.

ANYTHING TO GET DRINK.

Charles Smith, who was sent to gaol for a month at Birmingham for neglecting his children, does not stick at trifles when he is thirsty. It was stated that in order to obtain drink he—Recited Shakespeare in public-houses. Sold his baby's bed, and Tried to sell the kittens.

HOTEL DIRECTOR'S HUGE FORTUNE.

The will of the late Mr. Frederick Gordon, chairman of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, and a director of a number of important companies, has been proved at nearly £478,000.

POLICE "ENCOURAGING CRIME."

After a constable had given evidence at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday regarding the movements of two men charged with attempting to pick pockets, one of the accused indignantly asked the officer, "If you saw us make all those attempts, why did you not arrest us before? You were encouraging crime."

The constable was too astonished to make any effective reply, but the men were remanded.

DESERVED HIS DISGRACE.

A young man named Herbert Craig, barefoot, but otherwise well dressed, was sent to prison for a month at the Mansion House yesterday for hurrying a brick through a window worth £4 10s. He said he had spent £408 in six months in drink, and was now penniless.

RISKED HIS LIFE IN VAIN.

Joseph Dublin, aged five years, was playing on the bank of the Grand Surrey Canal yesterday, when he slipped and fell into deep water. Ambrose Levitt Carpenter, a seaman, jumped in, but failed to reach the boy. He went in a second time and with some difficulty succeeded in catching hold of the boy's clothes, but was too exhausted to get him out. Carpenter was subsequently rescued, but the child was drowned.

NEWSPAPERS FOR NOTHING.

To a creditor, who said the debtor he was suing was a newspaper, and could well afford to pay, Judge Addison at Southwark County Court yesterday remarked that he would need a lot of evidence to convince him that newspapers could make any money now. Some newspapers, said his Honour, were practically being given away, whilst people who really wanted them for nothing had only to travel by the Tube and they could there pick up half-a-dozen.

ECHO OF LIBERATOR FRAUDS.

At Croydon yesterday Edward Gornes, a wild-looking man, was charged with feloniously setting fire to a hayrick on May 19.

Prisoner was one of the persons ruined by the great Liberator frauds. On Wednesday night he voluntarily gave himself up to the police for setting fire to the rick, explaining that it stood on a piece of ground which had previously been purchased for building purposes by Liberator money, and, hearing that Mr. Taber Balfour was about to be released from prison, he did it in protest.

The magistrates committed the man for trial to the assizes.

PEOPLE ROYALTIES DISLIKE.

The Queen of Greece has a book in which nearly every royal personage has answered the questions therein.

In reply to "Whom do you consider to be the most unpleasant person in the world to come across?" Queen Alexandra wrote (when she was Princess of Wales): "There are so many good and pleasant people in the world to speak of and write about that it is unnecessary to consider the unpleasant ones."

The present Prince of Wales answers: "There is no more unpleasant man in the world than the man who will lend you a 'fiver,' and then expect to be paid back," while his wife's solution is: "I think by far the most unpleasant person is the one who insists upon pointing at you and crying out, 'There she is!'"

Africans Advance Suddenly

While Kaffirs and West-
lians Beat a Hurried
Retreat.

There was a wonderful lot of skirmishing on the Stock Exchange yesterday. The Japanese "bulls" did not get their fall of 1000 Arthur, and were inclined to beat a retreat in the morning, but in other sections a good deal of activity developed. Features were a sudden substantial increase in business in Americans, a stampede in Kaffirs and Westlians, and a hurried retreat by speculators in Home Rails. The Bank return showed a big increase in the reserve of £910,000.

Consols looked unhappy at one time, but they closed on top, thanks to the local Loans success, which put more heart into the gilt-edged section. A lot of criticism, however, was directed against the heavy borrowing, and now the Indian Immigration Trust Board of Natal wants £250,000 in four per cent. debentures at a "par," There is some head-shaking over the issue, in spite of the Natal Government guarantee.

The decline in Home Rails was due to less optimistic dividend forecasts, the strong thought that with the exception of the Welsh Rails, where the position is strong and the market good, only the Great Western, Metropolitan, and Great Central can improve their positions. The American finance houses were making the puppets dance in the American Railway section, and prices went ahead all round, only to fall in the afternoon on some substantial New York selling.

There was selling, too, of Grand Trunks, in spite of the estimates of 45,000 inwards to-day. Investment buying of Argentine Rails and speculative selling in the absence of investment buying of Mexican Rails, were two other features of the day. In Foreigners Japanese were not helped, for Port Arthur refused to fall. Paris welcomed the news by putting up some of its nil favourites, including Russians.

The promise of the Docks Bill for next week caused London and India Dock Deferred to rise to 86. The speculative movement in meat shares was followed by sales.

There was a very nasty collapse in the Rhodesian section, and South African mines as a whole looked very weak—as a result partly of the French flag and unassured rumours of a loan from the Transvaal and took no notice of the numerous dividends. The Rhodesian revenue figures were so bad that the Rhodesian market already quite out of favour, went somewhat to pieces. The gamblers in the low-priced Westlians were also routed, though they plucked up courage towards the close and recovered part of their losses. But it was a bad day for all mining shares.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

"The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:	
Consols 91 1/2	90 1/2
Do Account 90 1/2	90 1/2
India 90 1/2	90 1/2
London & C. 90 1/2	90 1/2
Nat. War Loan 90 1/2	90 1/2
Transvaal Loan 90 1/2	90 1/2
Argentine 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Brazilian 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/2
Do Fund 108 1/2	108 1/2
Japan 4 1/2 122 1/2	122 1/2
Do W. of Minas 82 1/2	82 1/2
Chili 1880 85 1/2	85 1/2
Consols 1880 108 1/2	108 1/

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 24s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1904.

PARSONS AND PAGANISM.

The Chinese pay their doctors by results. So long as they are in good health they hand over a certain sum every week. Directly they feel ill they stop this payment, and they do not resume it until they are quite well again.

If we paid our clergymen after this system, they would, according to their own estimate, get even less than some unfortunate parsons in charge of country parishes are paid at present. Yesterday the Archdeacon of London declared at a meeting that London was a "pagan city." If he is right, whose fault is it?

So far as one can see, there is no lack of churches or clergymen. In fact, many churches are scarcely ever more than about half full. The Archdeacon, therefore, will have to argue very cleverly to persuade us that, if more money were spent upon religious agencies, an improvement in public morality would be noticed at once.

Before more churches are provided in the suburbs, where "paganism" is, it appears, more rampant than anywhere else, it ought to be made clear that people will be found to go to them. And it might also be explained how it is that vice and debauchery rear their horrid heads far more flagrantly in the centre where there are plenty of churches than on the edge where there are few.

The true reason for what the Archdeacon calls "paganism"—he really means indifference—is that the Church and most of its ministers have dropped behind the times. Wherever there is an energetic, able, up-to-date parson there is a keen, interested, wide-awake congregation. The methods of fifty years ago are not the methods for to-day.

If the Church were to reorganise itself upon a business-like basis, paying clergymen properly according to their merits, and making its doctrines perfectly clear, and refusing to allow anyone to hold office in it who did not do his duty like a man, there would be no more need to complain of "Paganism." It is simply a question of cause and effect.

Women have fairly vindicated their title as competent motor-car drivers. The meet of the Ladies' Automobile Club yesterday was a complete success, and the run to Ranelagh was accomplished without any serious mishap. Yet all the same, one may be pardoned for doubting whether the work of a chauffeur is exactly calculated to do any good to the average woman's nerves. So long as only a picked few drive themselves, all may be well. But we should not like to think of this becoming a common pastime. For most women a perambulator is a much more suitable vehicle than a motor-car, and long may it remain so.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I recognise that since the South African war there has been some improvement in the military training both of troops and staff officers, but the progress is slow. . . . We must follow a system of training for war suited to the vastly changed conditions of the present day, and steadfastly eliminate all obsolete traditions.—*Lord Kitchener's Memorandum on the Indian Army.*

"NOTHING IS LOST BY POLITENESS."



A telegram from Chifu states that the Russians at Port Arthur have graciously permitted the Chinese to leave the town. Unkind critics might suggest that the Russians were short of provisions.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

RUSSIAN COMIC PAPERS ON THE WAR.

The Reason Why.

Why is each Japanese force accompanied by so many coolies?

To carry coffins for the soldiers. "Schut," St. Petersburg.

A Misunderstanding.

"I hear that Vassili Ivanovitch is going to the war."

"Yes, he's going to spend the summer with his mother-in-law." "Oskolki," St. Petersburg.

A Deadly Insult.

Imagine! My friend Zet has begun a slander action against me for calling him a Japanese.

But why a Japanese? Because he tries to borrow money from everyone. "Schut," St. Petersburg.

A Hit at John Bull.

Isn't it funny, uncle, the Japanese can borrow a large sum of money, yet you won't lend me even fifty roubles?

Yes, my boy. But don't imagine that I am as simple as the English.—"Strekoa," St. Petersburg.

Quick News.

First English War Correspondent: You can't compete with me. I cable through descriptions of events twenty-four hours before they occur.
Second E. W. C.: And I cable through denials of your news before there is time to publish it.—"Razvlechenie," St. Petersburg.

Recipe for a Japanese.

Take a tenth of a gentleman and three-quarters of a thief.

Mix with impudence and cunning.

Add a pound of treachery.

Flavour with espionage and ferocity.

Strain carefully through an Englishman and an American.

Bake slowly until the mixture attains a rich yellow colour.—"Budnik," St. Petersburg.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Signor Caruso.

"Tenors are not men. They are diseases." That was the opinion of Hans von Bulow, the famous pianist. If he is right, they are very popular diseases, especially with women.

No woman has ever heard Caruso without falling in love with his voice. They flock to hear him. They hang upon his lips. When he sings at the Opera the house is crowded. His name upon a concert programme makes success sure.

What is the secret of this cheerful-looking, dark-moustached, black-haired little Italian's enormous popularity? Who can tell? Nature endowed him with it at his birth. If we knew exactly why he can sing so exquisitely we should have solved another of the mysteries that puzzle physiologists.

He himself did not know his own powers until a few years ago. He was an engineer, who had served his time in the Italian Army. Then one day he discovered, or, rather, someone discovered for him, that he had a fortune in his throat.

Since then he has gone on from one triumph to another without a break. He has only once been accused of singing out of tune, and that was in New York, where the fault may have lain in the critic's ear. He sings so perfectly that his "records" in the gramophone are the best of any.

He is not a deeply intellectual man. Tenors seldom are. Rather does he look upon the world with the wondering eyes of a child. But he has the Italian charm to the full, just as he reveals his nationality also by his fondness for the succulent Southern plant which we Northerners, in our barbarous way, call garlic.

He is certainly the finest singer of his day.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why Is the Weather So Cold for June?

Here is a question which even the Meteorological Office finds it hard to answer. One reason suggested is that the ice in the Atlantic is moving about in an unaccustomed manner. Another theory connects it with the Gulf Stream.

The only safe reply to the query is that we always do have some cold weather in June, and that, even if we knew where it came from, it is highly improbable we could do anything to stop it coming.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

"Old French don't bark a bit, but, crickey, don't 'e bloomin' well bite?" said a private, who had been sentenced, with brevity characteristic of the General who will be in command at the Aldershot review to-day, to fourteen days' "C.B." And the remark sums up the man. General French bites without barking. Short and square, an ungraceful rider, more taciturn than Kitchener, the brilliant General is essentially a man of action. He began his career in the Navy, left that branch for an infantry regiment, and finally came to the cavalry, in which he has so magnificently distinguished himself for himself. He has seen a great deal of fighting, but has done nothing better than he did in South Africa, and his splendid achievements there are fresh in the memory of all.

Sir Percy Girouard, the young Canadian officer, whose dismissal from the Transvaal Railway Service is being demanded for some reason not quite clear, is one of the few men who have ever stood up to Lord Kitchener and won their point. Once in Egypt, where Girouard, then a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, was laying a railway, the great man thought it was getting on too slowly. "You must go quicker," he said. "I am not being properly supplied with materials." "I have no use for a man who says 'can't,'" was Lord Kitchener's comment, and sent Girouard to Cairo. Within a week he had to call him back and admit he was wrong.

England has had few braver or more relentless foes than General Cronje, the "farmer fighter," the news of whose engagement came from St. Louis yesterday. He was one of the first to rise against the English in 1880; his conduct at the siege of Potchefstroom has been frequently—and unfavourably—commented upon; he herded the Jameson raiders, fought Methuen, and finally had to surrender to Roberts at Paardeberg.

Masterful above all things, he is said to have ruled his former household as he did the men under him, with a rod of iron. But he is an affectionate father. His eldest son was badly wounded in the preliminary skirmishing with Jameson's force, and the General himself in a ghastly critical hour bore the lad back to Krugersdorp and saw him in the hands of the doctor before returning to hustle the raiders into that hopeless position where they had to choose between death and surrender.

In "Ben" Cooper, the bookmaker, who was buried yesterday, a breezy and picturesque personality has disappeared from the racing world. I knew Cooper well, and had the privilege of seeing at his house an extraordinary and perhaps unique collection of autographs. One Saturday, a few months ago, when favourite after favourite had gone down, I chafed Cooper about the money he must have won during his betting career. "Enough to buy the Crystal Palace," he retorted, "if only the s'ells were as ready to pay as they are to bet. Come to my house to-morrow, and I'll show you."

On Sunday I called at the bookmaker's prosperous-looking residence at Beulah-hill, and, after looking at his billiard-room, of which he was inordinately proud, and admiring his fine collection of china and curios (he had been in the pawn-broking business) I went into his study. Ben Cooper produced from his safe a large box of legal appearance, and, turning the lock, exclaimed: "There is the purchase money of the Crystal Palace." Then, one by one, and with a serio-comic face, he took from the box packets of cheques, all bearing the mystic inscription "Refer to drawer."

He nodded when I asked if I might see the signatures. I turned over several packets, and on one cheque out of every eight or ten read the name of some respected personality in the society, military, theatrical, or commercial world. Securing a puzzling over the undecipherable signature on a cheque for £180, Cooper remarked: "That is my Lord—" "I thought he was a millionaire!" I ejaculated. "So do many people," retorted Ben. He then produced a small leather-bound ledger and showed me his "bad debts," which ran very nearly into six figures. Among the worst defaulters were persons whose names are known wherever the English language is spoken.

Mr. Alan Burgoyne (a member of the well-known Australian whaling family) may not know all about submarines. Captain Buxton, of the Portsmouth submarine flotilla, told him he didn't, with some emphasis, at the United Service Institution on Wednesday. But he can discuss the prison at Port Arthur with intimate knowledge and a fluent vocabulary. He only just escaped a long stay there when he was arrested in the Russian stronghold early last year on suspicion of being a spy. As it was, the authorities contented themselves with turning him out of the country after a short detention.

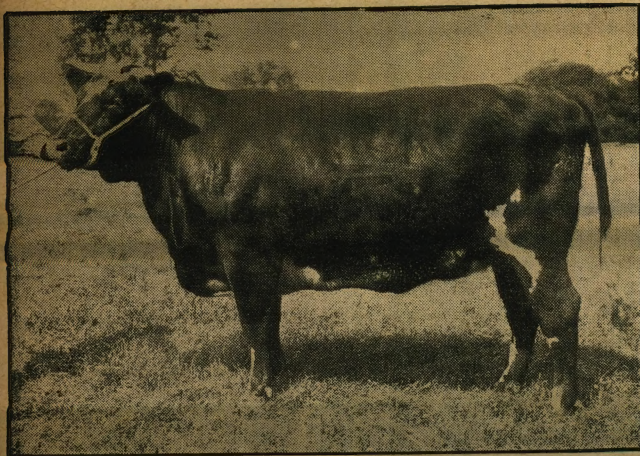
Humorists, when they are serious, are very serious indeed. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, for example, is thoroughly in earnest over his opposition to vivisection, which he has just been putting on record once more. He was most intensely vehement, too, about the Sultan of Turkey's crimes at the time when Mr. William Warley was addressing that potentate as "Abdul the Damned." So violently did he attack Abdul Hamid that the Foreign Office sent "To-day," which he was then editing, an official warning to be more moderate. And Mr. Jerome once promised that if he ever went into Parliament he would be "as solemn as the most portentous M.P. ever known."

FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK.



The first meet of the season of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club in Hyde Park. Reading from left to right are Lord Ancaster, Colonel Shuttleworth, Mr. S. Hope Morley, Colonel Atholey, Colonel Sir A. Somerset.

THE KING'S PRIZE SHORTHORN.



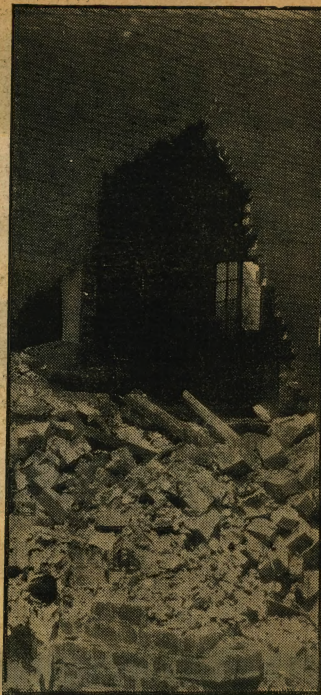
The King's Shorthorn, Sylph, winner of a first prize at the Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Guildford.

GENERAL CRONJE TO RE-MARRY.



General Cronje, the Boer leader, and his first wife. General Cronje, who is nearly seventy, and is taking part in the Boer war show at the St. Louis World's Fair, is to be married again on July 7 to a widow, who is also in the performance.

HOUSES FALL IN NORTHWICH.



This shop in Northwich, which suddenly collapsed, is the latest result of the subsidences which have so disturbed the inhabitants of the town. Two shops a few doors away are so damaged by the sinking of the ground that they are being pulled down.



The old postman named Smith who delivered letters on the royal estate at Windsor, is dead. The King and Queen used to chat with the old man.

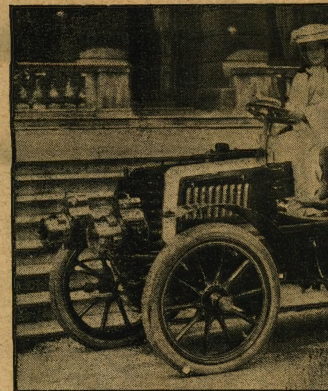


Miss Trixie Friganza, the leading lady of the Prince of Pilsen Company at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The gilded youth of London is daily sending unlimited letters to the company.



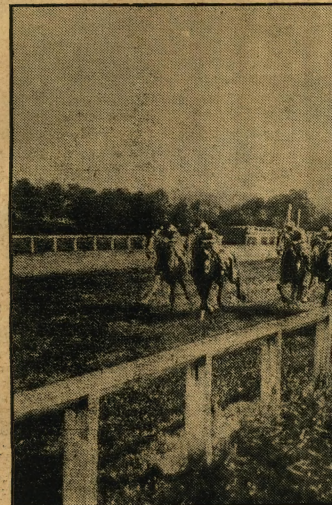
During his visit to the Royal Counties expressed a wish to drive a full...

LADIES' MOTOR MEET.



The Duchess of Sutherland, president of Great Britain and Ireland. The club year Carlton House Terrace, opposite...

A CLOSE FINISH AT LINGFIELD.



Sir Ernest Cassell's Love Potion winning Lingfield by three-quarters of a length. Coxswain, who were separated...

THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA DRIVES A LONELY FURROW AT GUILDFORD.

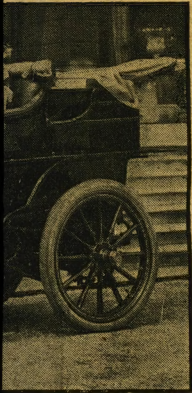


At the Agricultural Show at Guildford the Alake of Abeokuta was greatly interested in a plough, and a procession was formed to an adjoining field, and the Alake had his wish.



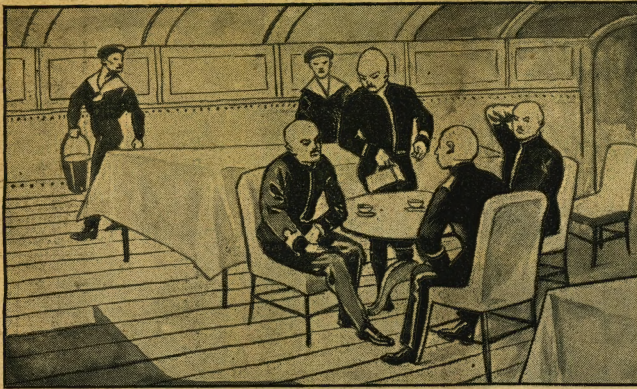
The Alake examined the plough itself, the horse and the harness. Having inspected all the details, he gave the word to start, but his steering was very erratic and the machine finally toppled over out of the furrow.

YESTERDAY.



The Automobile Club of London held its first meet at Crystal Palace.

HOW HISTORY IS MANUFACTURED.



This picture, in the "St. Petersburg Gazette," bears the words, "Japanese naval officers who have shaved their heads out of shame for Japan's defeats." The Russian papers are intentionally misleading as to the events in the Far East.

ENGLAND'S AMERICAN CHAMPION.



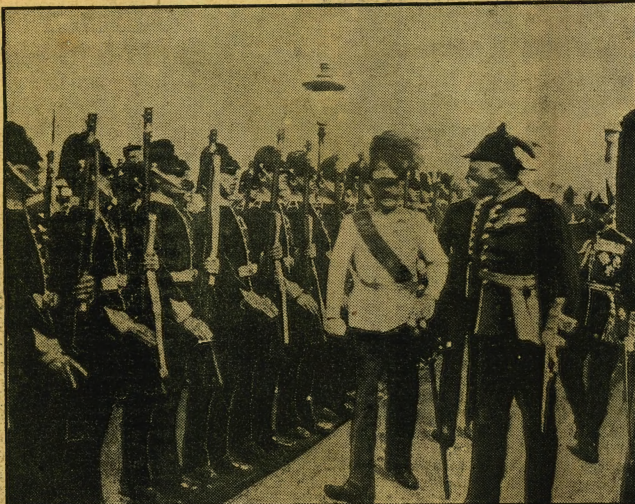
Arthur Duffy, the great American sprinter, who is coming to England to compete in the Amateur Championships next month. He holds the English championship for the 100 yards race.

YESTERDAY.



The Imperial Plate at the Crystal Palace and the Warrior and the Dreadnaught.

OUR AUSTRIAN GUEST ARRIVES.



The arrival of the Archduke Frederick of Austria at Dover. He has arrived in London as the King's guest, to return, as representing the Emperor of Austria, the King's visit to Vienna last year. Walking with the Archduke is Lord Methuen. (Photograph by Spicer.)

DOWIE'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS.



Zion Tabernacle, in the Euston-road, the headquarters of "Dr." Dowie's Mission in England. "Dr." Dowie's followers are carefully concealing the exact date of his arrival in London, so as to avoid a hostile reception for their leader.

LADY PEMBROKE'S HEAD-DRESS BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL.

FOR SWEET
CHARITY'S SAKE.THE LATEST FORM OF FANCY-DRESS
PARTY.

The rage for head parties rather than for complete fancy-dress toilettes is gaining ground, and commands itself to everybody on account of its novelty, as well as in view of the fact that the men who attend such parties are not compelled to wear fancy dress. There is generally some sort of scheme issued in connection with such affairs; for example, at one forthcoming party all the ladies are to appear as miniatures, with their faces, hair, and coiffure embellishments purposely imitative of old and rare pictures of past beauties. All the dances that are to take place after the dinner with which this festivity is to begin will include those quaint diversions, such as the pavanette and the minuet, though, of course, the popular cotillon will prove the final fascination of the evening, and at it a Sedan chair full of presents will form a great attraction.

In the estimation of the milliners head parties are a great success, because they enable them to produce hats and turbans suggested by other periods than these, but the head party proper concerns itself with ornaments that are not, strictly speaking, hats, toques, or bonnets, and for them our fashionables go to the theatrical coiffurers, who build up wonderful erections of the Georgian period, and those of a still earlier day, when women wore steeple, head-dresses and even coaches and horses in miniature, as well as wonderful floral

Lord Tullibardine headed the reels, and Lady Tullibardine, Lord Bute, Lady-Constance Scott, Miss Elspeth, and Mr. Nigel Campbell took part in them.

There are sketches shown on this page of Lady Methuen's lovely blue tulle hat for the Romney dance. Among other fair women who played at rusticity with her in millinery to match made at the Maison de Cram, Chester-square, were Miss Evelyn Loch, whose black picture hat is also portrayed, Miss Inigo Jones, and Miss Alice Douglas Pennant.

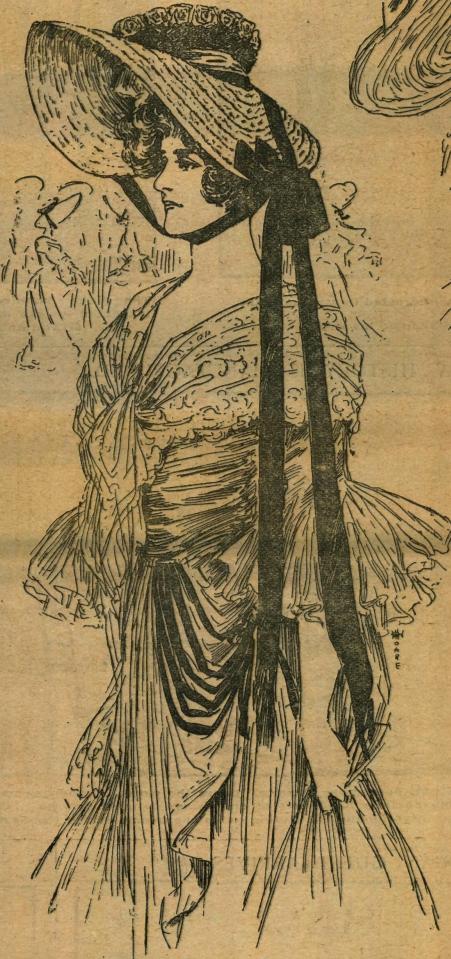
For Lady Galway's "Trianon" quadrille, the

Lady Methuen, the wife of the famous South African General, danced in a most becoming blue tulle Romney hat, at last night's ball, draped with a lace scarf beneath the chin.

Quaint and charming were the Dolly Varden hats and costumes worn

by Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Lady Mabel Palmer, and others.

The flowers in the hats were matched by the aprons, hosiery, and shoes in colour.



On the left is illustrated one of the lovely black picture hats worn by Miss Evelyn Loch and others in a highly successful quadrille.

affairs, on the top of their elaborately coiffed heads.

The pictures on this page show some of the most charming of last night's heads, which were seen at Lady Pembroke's ball in the Albert Hall, held in aid of the King's College Hospital Removal Fund. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Miss Meysey Thompson, Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Muriel Herbert, Lady Wicklow, Lady Mabel Palmer, and many other beautiful women took part in the country dances, dressed in the Dolly Varden costumes shown, with lovely hats characteristic of the name, made by Gainsborough, of Hagver-square. Their aprons, shoes, and stockings matched the various colours of the roses used in their hats, which were of different delicate and beautiful tints.

The kilt and tartans are always popular, and it was a highly-successful coterie who danced the eightsome reels, soon after the opening of the ball. In this dance the men, of course, were in kilts, while the ladies wore the tartans of their various clans, and footed it to the inspiring strains of the pipers of the Scots Guards. Lady Strathallan and

dancers had evidently studied the pictures at Versailles, for their superb hats and wigs, aided by patches and diamonds, were exact replicas of those beautifully artistic times. Pink coats and knee-breeches were worn by Lord Bury, Lord Dalrymple, and Sir Thomas Crofton in one of the English dances.

NEARLY A CRINOLINE.

The straight-fronted corset is still with us, but the stiffness of outline that accompanied it at first has disappeared, and the modish woman is no longer serenely indifferent to the size of her waist. Waists are of a certainty growing smaller, although to a certain extent this effect is given by the greater fulness of the skirts and the size of the sleeves.

The new baby blouses—to use a term discarded

long ago—are drawn down rather closely to the waist line, instead of being extravagantly pouched, and the draped waist, with its sharp point in front below the waist, holds the figure in closely in its soft folds and defines the outlines.

It is called the corsage à pointe, and depends for its success on the fit of the corset. Save on the draped bodices, the swathed girdle or corset is the rule for everything, except the street frock, with its ubiquitous soft leather belt. A high Swiss belt, formed of interlacing satin ribbon, is charming upon the summer frock, but the plain folded girdle with short or long sash-ends, or with a finish of rosettes, is the ordinary choice.

The full skirt needs a very great deal of management to make it "set" well; and, to keep the fullness away from the feet, some makers advise boned petticoats for wear with the frocks, a fine line of feather boning being inserted into the cording at the edge of the petticoat. Other petticoats, guiltless of boning, are provided with many very heavy cords, which to some extent serve the purpose of holding out the frock skirt.

One Parisian house has had the hardihood to display a veritable, though small, crinoline for wear with the new full skirts, but the suggestion has called forth a howl of protest, and all the other great dressmakers combined against the innovation, which has been effectively put out of court.



Feel Good
all day on
Grape-Nuts

The Perfect Food.

Get the little book "The Road to Well-ville" in each packet.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS.
THEIR COMPLETE HOME CURE.

POST FREE to Readers of The Daily Mirror.
[FOR TEN DAYS ONLY.]

A handsome illustrated treatise, giving full description of Rheumatism and Paralysis, with instructions for a complete home cure, describing the most successful treatment in Great Britain, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by medical men. This highly instructive book was written by Mr. W. H. Veno, a gentleman who has made a special study of these diseases. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg. Send post card to-day and you will receive the book free by return.—Address, The Veno Institute, 2, Cedar-street, Hulme, Manchester.

BATTY'S NABOB SAUCE



THE SAUCE THAT PLEASES.



"SALVATOR."
Representing Christ protecting the woman taken in adultery.
By HERMAN SALOMON, painter of the Mysterious picture, "Christus."
HANOVER GALLERY, 47, New Bond-street, W. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

LAND OF BRIGANDS AND BEGGARS.

Morocco Is a Country Where Civilisation and Modern Inventions Are Still Held in Abhorrence.

The country of Morocco, where the brigand Raisuli is holding a British subject and an American citizen prisoners in defiance of the Sultan and a fleet of warships, is dangerous for the unwarlike traveller at all times.

In spite of its proximity to Gibraltar and Europe, Morocco, except in the coast towns, is in practically the same condition as it was 300 years ago.

Tangier is better known to foreigners, as it is the landing-place for tourists when they visit the country during the winter, and the place where everything happens.

Whether it is a row with France or Spain, or a revolt of the tribes, the little white-painted town on the sea coast is always made the centre of the trouble. The Foreign Minister of Morocco resides at Tangier.

ROUGH LANDING.

There is no quay for steamers to come alongside, and the landing by small boats, at Tangier, in a heavy surf, is something to be remembered.

The tourists are taken from the boats and carried on the backs of stalwart, dusky Moors to the beach, and their baggage is handled in the same manner.

The boats are the monopoly of a Moorish Jew called Ben Moses, and £1 per head on a rough day is quite a modest charge.

During the heavy gales which blow in the spring it frequently happens that Tangier is cut off from the outer world for three or four days, which makes the hotel-keepers rejoice.

Steamers lay outside for an hour or so, rolling their top masts under water, and then give it up as a bad job.

The Custom House of Tangier is, to say the least, quaint in appearance and weird in its internal working. Tourists, with their belongings, are whirled along with a crowd of ragged, perspiring Moors into a tumble-down white brick building that is used as a stable for all the donkeys in the town, and incidentally for examining baggage.

Free fights between the coloured porters happen on every side, and baggage can only be rescued by using a putter, a pickaxe, or anything which may be handy.

EXPERT CITY BRIGANDS.

After a few hours in Tangier the foreigner comes to the conclusion that all Moors are brigands, and submits himself to be robbed on every side. The orthodox robbers wait for the traveller outside the city gates, and the Moorish Jews do the work if anything more quickly and skillfully in the bazars within the walls.

The principal products of this ancient country are red and yellow leather slippers, daggers, dates, and crumples of every description. Frequently over one hundred beggars form in line on the route from the city gates to the hotel, and not two of them will be deformed alike.

This does not include the elephantiasis or leprosy with which Morocco abounds.

The officers from the garrison at Gibraltar come over at intervals to Tangier, and go out on pig-sticking parties for three or four days. An enormous quantity of whiskey and soda is consumed on these excursions, and sometimes they kill a wild pig.

GREAT CHANNEL SWIM.

Candidates for the "Weekly Dispatch" Trophy Increase Daily.

Applications from well-known long-distance swimmers are still pouring into the office of the "Weekly Dispatch."

The task of selecting a candidate from the hundreds of applications which have been received is a stupendous one, and will occupy several days. The man who, in the opinion of the proprietors of the "Weekly Dispatch," is most likely to succeed, will be chosen, and his name will be announced as soon as is conveniently possible.

In the meantime, applications are still invited, and those long-distance swimmers who have not sent in their names should do so at the earliest possible moment.

The conditions are simple. If you have the swimming ability and are physically fit to accomplish the stupendous task, you need have no fear on the ground of expense.

The "Weekly Dispatch" will pay all the training expenses and will support your wife and family, if you have any, while you are making the necessary preparations.

Intending competitors should communicate with the Aquatic Editor, "Weekly Dispatch," 3, Talisstreet, E.C.

There is practically no law or order in Morocco, even in the coast towns. Money will do anything with the officers of justice, and the tax-gatherers and the Jews squeeze the life and soul out of the people of the soil.

Prisoners live in the gaol with their families and appear as happy as if they were in a Bloomsbury boarding-house.

It is dangerous even to go outside the environs of Tangier after nightfall, on account of the robbers and beggars who infest the place.

They depend entirely on the stranger for their support. The true Moor never works, and skillfully evades even the appearance of labour. He would sooner fight than eat, or smoke than do either.

The writer of this article was attacked just outside the city, while riding home one evening, and

the tropical sun in seven hours. The charge is 8s. for delivering the message, but just how much the man himself receives it is difficult to say.

There are no roads in Morocco, except the caravan tracks and bridle paths.

BEDS FOR TRAVELLERS.

The only accommodation for travellers on the road are the Fondaks, which are the same to-day in Morocco as they were, according to history, 2,000 years ago in Arabia.

Three sides of the low built, quadrangular storm enclosure are devoted to the camels, mules, and goats, while the fourth side, which is covered in, shelters the travellers.

In one corner a raised portion of the earthen floor of the Fondak is reserved for sleeping accommodation and covered with grass mats. When they are completely hidden by the accumulation of dirt for several years, then fresh mats are laid down.

Coffee and biscuit are the staple form of Moorish



A Briganda's Camp in the mountains, with armed men on guard. When the photograph, from which the sketch is made, was taken, there were three prisoners inside awaiting ransom.

managed to escape with two broken fingers on the right hand, a pistol wound in the right arm, and an ugly stab in the right leg. Had he not been mounted on a swift horse he might have been severely wounded.

Telegrams and letters are conveyed across country by means of native runners, who accompany journeys that would put all Brighton walk records very much in the shade. The ancient city of Tetuan is forty-five miles from Tangier, and the route lays over a chain of hills and passes between huge mountains covered with luxuriant forests. Every mile or so mountain torrents have to be forded, and in the rainy season there is a danger of being swept away.

The native runner does this journey in the heat of

Fondak refreshments. The coffee is roasted and ground for each guest, and is excellent.

An escort of two mounted native soldiers have to accompany the traveller in order to protect his life and property. If anything is stolen the Governor of the district comes down and loots all the villages in the vicinity of the spot where the robbery took place. Soldiers cost 4s. each per day and their food, out of which they receive 5d., if they are fortunate and the Governor is an honest man.

The market places in Tangier and Tetuan are very picturesque. Caravans laden with merchandise from the interior as far as Timbuctoo, string in one after another, and the snake-charmer and story-tellers still ply their ancient callings.

The soil of Morocco, along the coastline, is ex-

tremely rich and fertile. The growth of vegetation is prodigious.

Stories are told of seeds falling from the sacks on the backs of the camels, and three months later the returning caravans had to cut their way through young forests.

Partridges, pigeons, quail, and game of all kinds abound in Morocco, and good plump birds can be had for one penny each in the spring.

Tetuan has some very fine houses built round marble patios, with oranges, fountains, and palm trees in the centre, by the old Moors when they were exiled from Spain.

Their descendants live in Tetuan principally, and are splendid specimens of majestic, indolent humanity.

Unfortunately the entrances to these mansions are generally up some dark passage choked up with refuse, which emits about 200 different evil odours. Sanitary regulations are unknown.

The only hotel in Tetuan city is kept by Ben Nathan, a Moorish Jew, who is also acting British Vice-Consul. He has a book in which the late General Gordon has recorded the hospitable treatment he received from the hands of Mr. Nathan when on a visit to the old Moorish city.

All cities in Morocco are surrounded by high walls, and the gates are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset.

STRANGERS WARMLY WELCOME.

Fez, the northern capital of the country, can be reached in ten days from Tangier by riding horses or mules and camping out. The native merchants go in large numbers by caravan, and take about fourteen days.

Citizens of Fez are famous for their strong religious principles, and the general way of receiving foreigners is to expectorate in their faces, fire a volley of stones, and consign them direct to a place where winter is presumably to be unknown.

No infidel may enter a mosque in Morocco.

There are about fourteen different kinds of Arabic spoken by the various tribes in the country, and in the towns on the coast a mixture of Arabic and Spanish is generally used. The heavy rains last from December until March, and the hottest weather from June to September.

The inhabitants of Morocco will take any kind of money. There is no country in the world perhaps where the poor labourers work harder and are treated so badly, and where there is absolutely no redress for their wrongs.

Morocco is a fine country, full of mineral wealth, good forests, and great possibilities. Generally speaking, the climate is good, and a stable form of government is all that is needed.

During the lulls between the various revolutions, riots, and fights, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son have sent parties of tourists on camping excursions into Morocco, but, with the exception of Tangier, there has never been a rush of pleasure seekers.

ROBBERS ON HORSEBACK.

All robbers in the interior ride on horseback and carry excellent rifles, which they obtain through the kindness of the various British and German gun-running firms, who import them into the country.

To those who are tired of the monotony of civilised life, and want to seek for trouble, Morocco can be safely recommended.

There is always fighting going on somewhere, and the brigands and locust plagues help to keep things busy. When the Sultan passes through a town all the inhabitants have to go inside their houses and close their doors and windows.

No ordinary person is allowed to look upon the countenance of the Light of the Desert.

This last affair with Raisuli and his captives may result in some form of European government for the country, which is all that is needed to make it prosperous and possible to live in.

The young Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, is a keen photographer and also a motorist, and has a specially constructed motor-car for Fez for his motor-car. His keen delight is to muster the Ministers of the Cabinet and then chase them around on his automobile.

As a one-sided modern amusement for absolute monarchs this takes a lot of beating, even in Germany.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

Chancellor Regrets He Cannot Reduce Tea Duty.

Sellers of liquid tea derived small comfort from an interview they had yesterday with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Representing a capital of £6,000,000 invested in the catering trades, and employing 150,000 persons, the deputation pointed out to the Minister the grievous effect upon caterers of the increase in the tea duty, which since 1900 amounted to 4d. per pound.

They argued that this increase fell upon the caterers, "as the charges for food were so small, and the margin of profit so infinitesimal."

In reply, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that, while recognising the difficulties of the catering trade, he had to consider the troubles of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The duty upon tea was only decided upon when all other sources of taxation had been exhausted.

Much as he regretted it, he had very little choice, and at the present time it was not his good fortune to contemplate any reduction.

The dead body of a newly-born female child was found in a train at Windsor yesterday.

WEIRD WELL AT WINDSOR.

Stories of Other Strange Discoveries at the Castle.

The search at Windsor Castle for the King's yachting cup recalls stories of valuable relics lost and found in out-of-the-way corners of the Castle.

One of the most interesting discoveries was made by Sir John Cowell, the then Master of the Royal Household. Sir John was an Engineer officer, who served at the siege of Sebastopol.

Looking at the great tower with a critical eye he came to the conclusion that when first erected it must have had a means of supplying itself with water, for the simple reason that it would have been useless for defence without such a supply.

After long inquiry he came across an ancient individual who remembered having heard something about a well under a bedroom in the tower. At a favourable opportunity the floor of this bedroom was removed, and, sure enough, there was the well.

The upper part is now domed over with bricks, to which a large stone forms a lid.

After the late Queen's death a beautiful statue of her Majesty was brought to light which she had had sculptured to be placed on her tomb by the side of Prince Consort, at Frogmore Mausoleum.

DANCING IN A DREAM.

Berle Performance as a Result of Hypnotic Control.

Weird and fascinating, though at times terribly painful, were the hypnotic interpretations of music given by Madame Magdeleine at the Garrick Theatre yesterday afternoon.

Any doubt that might have existed in the minds of those present as to the genuineness of the performance was removed by Dr. André Ezen, a specialist, who, it was said, had been sent by the "Lancet" to examine the dancer.

"I find that Madame is in a hypnotic state, and slightly rigid," said the doctor, adding that she was quite unconscious.

While in this state the dancer, who wore a simple classical robe of grey silk, gave a performance which was apparently the result of an excess of emotion produced by music.

A value of Chopin's set her dancing in a frenzy of joy. When the March from "Abilene" was played she became in a strange and posture, the personification of triumph. A tragic recitation by Mr. Austin Melford was accompanied by a witch-like pantomime that was, perhaps, the most eerie effect of all.

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS STORY TO-DAY.

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

FOR NEW READERS.

Who was John Heron's father? He does not know. He is a successful man, has made money in the Colonies, come home to buy a fine place on Dartmoor, and already made a mark in politics. But he has no idea of his origin. The only hint ever given to him was his mother's cry of "Philip" as she died.

Nevertheless, he persuades Beatrix Chevenix to promise to marry him, although she is the daughter of the Prime Minister, and one of the most fascinating young women in London, with hosts of admirers.

She engages herself to him, promising herself that she will throw him over if he does not improve on acquaintance; and goes to stay at Denzil's Folly, his Devonshire house.

While she is riding with him one day they meet a strange, ragged, old man, with whom Heron has some words alone, but of whom he says nothing when he rejoins Beatrix. On the evening of the same day a curious noise is heard outside the house. Heron goes out quickly, saying it is a watch-dog loose. Then a fall is heard, and a suppressed cry.

Soon after Heron has returned to his guests, he is informed by a warder that a convict has escaped from Princetown, the very Denzil, now an old man, who built Heron's house.

That same night Beatrix is seized with a restless fit, and, hearing a noise in the lower part of the house, goes down to find out what it is. In the library she sees at a window a figure which she recognises at once as that of the man whose wife she has promised to be.

He tells her that he has hidden the old man they met, who is, of course, the escaped convict, and that something persuades him he has found his father. She must think no more of marrying him, he says; but Beatrix will not listen to him. She insists on being allowed to see the fugitive, who is lying insensible in an outhouse, and together they try to revive him.

When he comes to himself he recognises Heron as his son, and extracts a promise that he shall not be given up. He soon makes this promise hard to keep, however, for he declares himself in a fit of madness to Heron's guests, including Beatrix's father, the Prime Minister.

Yet, so pitiable is his state that they all agree to let him go, and to blot out of their minds the recollection of his appearance. Just after this the warder reappears to say they have tracked the old man to Heron's grounds, and that they are just about to make a thorough search.

The men accompany the search-party with beating hearts. When they come to the outhouse, which it is to blot out of their minds the recollection of his appearance. Just after this the warder reappears to say they have tracked the old man to Heron's grounds, and that they are just about to make a thorough search.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).

Silence, nothing but silence. Then the sound of furniture being hurriedly pushed on one side, and voices all raised above the usual pitch—rough, excited voices, but no moan of despair or shriek of a man at bay.

Julian Grimwood lit a cigarette in a leisurely way. He felt more easy in his mind. Impossible as it seemed, Philip Denzil had evidently made good his escape. He wondered how he had guessed that the warders were after him, and also where he had flown?

There was a moon that night, and shafts of pure white light streamed through the tangled branches of the trees and glistened on the laurel bushes. It was a night for solitude and reflection, yet men were making it hideous with rough oaths, disturbing its vestal peace, and a wretched soul cowered in some dark corner racked to the heart with fear.

"Well, you see, I was in the right of it, Mr. Heron." The principal warder's sharp, rasping voice smote unpleasantly on Grimwood's ear. "He's been hiding here—the place is warm with his presence, as you might say, and he's left the food and the clothes he stole yesterday. He must have bolted when he heard our horses. Well, he can't be far off; we'll have him safe enough in an hour, as sure as my name is Caleb West."

The search party streamed out from the tool-house, and Grimwood caught a glimpse of John Heron's face. He appeared dazed and bewildered, like a man who had just experienced a great mental shock and who saw everything through a blur of haze. The door he had closed to his side, and Grimwood noticed how tired and anxious the great man looked. Robert Chevenix had lost, for the nonce, his big, embracing smile, his Jove-like omnipotence, his sublime autumnal vigour; he looked his full age—aye, and more than that; so much so that Grimwood felt sorry for him.

The search went on, hoots, whistles, and strange sounds breaking on the quiet of the night. False alarms were constantly raised, and wild noises issued from a massed roar of voices, expletive, conflicting, apologetic.

The flower-beds on the lawn were trampled down ruthlessly by the warders, and these soldier-like men crashed their way in and out of the laurel bushes, leaving a trail of havoc that included broken branches, scattered leaves, and trodden flowers, behind them.

Yet, for all this, Convict 170 still lurked in safe cover, and Warder Caleb West wiped his damp brow, vexed to the heart with his ill-success, fuming with impatience.

"He must be in the house, sir," he said at last, addressing John Heron. The two men paced constantly side by side; they shadowed each other. "We must search the house from cellar to attic. Gracious, what a hunt the brute is giving us; he'll have to pay for it later, though." There was a tone in the man's voice and a look in his eye that argued ill for Philip Denzil when he should be once again in West's clutches.

Colonel Grimwood had heard more than one queer tale of the doings up at Princetown, and he hoped with all his heart that if it befell Convict 170 to be captured he would not be taken alive. He whispered as much to John Heron as he followed the latter into the house.

"Do not be afraid," came the grimly whispered answer, "I have a six-shooter in my hip pocket; they will have to wear the noise on a dead man's head if they want comes to the worst. See here, Grimwood—you keep the warder back for a second if we find the poor wretch, so that I can take good aim. He was one of ourselves once, remember, and he shall never be taken alive."

The other nodded slowly. In a more sober moment he would never have consented to such a suggestion, but the world seemed upside down that evening, and wrong was right, and foul was fair. Also Julian Grimwood was too much at home with Oriental forms of thought to give the western degree of importance to death, which he regarded as a mere step into another world, and in this case a wise one. Better, far better, a short shift and deep sleep for Philip Denzil, than a whole agony of humiliation and the teeth of pain tearing at the man's flesh for many a bitter year.

The tramp of feet in the hall brought the ladies out from the drawing-room. Miss Grizel and Miss Jean stood together in the doorway, looking like two old fawns in their grey silk dresses and presenting an almost overwearing contrast to Lady Cary, their white dress by contrast showing the freshness of her youthful beauty, and their sober gowns making a background for the shimmering splendour of her frock.

As soon as Feodora caught sight of the Premier she darted forward with a swift humming-bird sort of motion. "Isn't it dreadful," she cried; "oh, dear, I wish I had never come here, Feodora! Robert for even this week has gone mad. He's a queer fellow, who followed in the wake of the warders, and whose cheerful smile seemed quite to have forsaken him."

Servants trooped out to join the crowd in the hall, and then the search began. Room after room was systematically explored, cupboards searched, and things moved out of their place. Caleb West chafed at his work in a businesslike fashion, allowing no nook or corner to escape notice. He almost searched the inkpots, as Feodora remarked afterwards. Yet no trace of the man they were looking for; certainly he was not lurking in the kitchen regions, and the drawing-room, dining-room, and study were likewise untenanted.

The bedrooms were searched, Caleb West turning out the contents of wardrobe after wardrobe, and crawling under every bed. The man was certainly indefatigable. At last he came to a door locked on the inside.

"Ah," he exclaimed with some satisfaction, "this looks like business," and he proceeded to rattle at the handle.

"Don't intrude here," cried John Heron, with some heat. "I cannot allow Miss Chevenix to be disturbed in this fashion." The young man glanced at the Premier as he spoke, and Robert Chevenix forced his way to his side; both men looked disturbed and ill at ease.

"A man's got to do his duty, Mr. Heron," the warder protested, still rattling at the handle and casting a furtive glance at the aggrieved great man whose daughter's privacy he was invading; "I don't want to disturb the young lady, but if she'd just let me into the room it would serve. You see, gentlemen, you never know where those chaps mayn't be hiding." He was evidently ill at ease—torn between desire not to offend the Premier and his determination not to leave a room unsearched.

Even he spoke the door was flung open, and Beatrix Chevenix appeared on the threshold.

Perhaps in all her life the girl had never looked more beautiful, and even the warders drew a deep breath at the vision of so much loveliness, and those standing behind pressed forward to have a better view.

Beatrix was in her dressing-gown, a wonderful

garment all a-froth with lace chiffon. The creamy white silk suited her clear skin, and her dark hair fell loose over her shoulders. In one upraised hand she held a silver candlestick, and the light flickered caressingly over her face and her brightly shining, startled eyes.

"What does this mean?" she cried, with some indignation. "Surely no one wants to search my room? I have looked under the bed and in the wardrobe, and everywhere," she added, turning to the warder, "so I see no necessity for this intrusion."

"Beg pardon, miss," replied the man, flushing; "but orders are orders, and I must take a look round myself."

"I am afraid you must consent to the disagreeable intrusion, dear," said the Premier, in rather halting tones; "it is a hateful business all together. Let the warder in just to satisfy him."

The girl drew herself up haughtily and walked over to a large armchair drawn up by the fire. The skirt of her evening gown had been thrown carelessly over it, and she placed her hand on the chair, as though for support, and then called out to the warder to enter.

He stepped in gingerly, subdued and apologetic, and made a brief search, the girl's blazing eyes never leaving his face, her attitude unchanged.

"No one—here—Miss," he muttered humbly. "No—all seems clear—beg pardon for troubling you." He breathed more freely when he had closed the door behind him, for the scorn of a beautiful woman cuts deep.

As soon as the echo of retreating footsteps had died away down the corridor a crimson change came over the girl's face. All the tension and frozen pride seemed to melt, and the eyes filled with tears; she put down the candlestick with a shaking hand and stood up shivering, as men shiver after a great danger has passed by.

All at once something began to stir and move, something hidden from sight in the big armchair, screened by the gauzy dress. After a second, a man crept out, throwing the skirt aside, and Philip Denzil crawled on his knees to the feet of the woman who had saved him—and then he lifted the hem of her gown to his lips.

CHAPTER X.

"Concerning a Ring."

Peace had descended on Denzil's Folly, peace after storm. Warder West had been compelled to own himself beaten; his prey had escaped him!

"He's taken to the moor again, curse him," he had muttered savagely. "Someone wasn't on the look-out; you didn't ought to come on these errands blindfold," and he had glared fiercely at his subordinates, "and it's blind you must all have been to let him slip through the cordon. Goodness knows if we shall ever catch him now; he might hide in a barrow till doomsday." So saying, he mounted his horse and rode away with his men, the whole band sullen and discontented.

It was some hours after the departure of the warders, however, before the inhabitants of Denzil's Folly retired to their rooms. The servant-girls saw fit to have hysterics, following the example of Feodora Cary, and long after the women-folk had retired, the men held conclave in the smoking-room, discussing the events of the night.

It was accepted by all that Philip Denzil had escaped from the tool-house by a small, back window, and that he had evidently been alarmed and so made good his escape as the warders rode up, and so ended the affair.

This was the expressed view of Julian Grimwood and Sir Anthony as they finally made their way to their respective rooms, leaving the Premier alone with his future son-in-law, but each man knew that the other lied and held a different theory in his heart.

"The coast is clear now," remarked Robert Chevenix, listening to the slamming of Colonel Grimwood's door, "and I am going straight to Beatrix to ask her to come down and speak to me. Things must be threshed out to-night. I'm sorry for you, Heron, upon my soul I am, but I must hear the truth, painful as the telling of it may be—painful to you, to her, and to all of us."

"What do you mean?" Heron spoke hoarsely, the veins on his forehead stood out like whipcords, and he gripped the back rail of a chair, swaying backwards and forwards; "you don't want to disturb your daughter now, do you? For goodness' sake keep what you have to say till to-morrow; the poor girl has had enough to bear to-night."

"Then you do not believe as I do," answered Robert Chevenix, "namely, that Beatrix, acting on some wild motive, stole out to warn Philip Denzil, and managed to conceal him in her room whilst the soldiers—warders—searched the house. Ah, you start, the idea strikes home. I am no longer a young man, but I can still trust my eyes to serve me well. I noticed the slow rustling of the dress Trix had hung over the armchair, and I guessed at once whose trembling form the skirt concealed. The girl played her part with courage, fine courage, and it needed iron nerve—"

he paused, and fidgetted with the thin gold chain about his pince-nez. "I may be wrong, of course, but I think if Warder Caleb West had searched my daughter's room more carefully he would have found the bird he sought. I believe that the man is still hiding there. Hush!"—he held up his hand, commanding silence—"she is coming to us herself; I hear the rustle of her gown."

John Heron passed his hand over his damp forehead; the world was going round with him. He

poured himself out some whisky, and then turned his eyes to the door.

Beatrix entered, she looking as white as the dress she wore, and her eyes had dark rims round them. She smiled wanly at her lover, and looked sharply and anxiously at the Premier, realising that he would have to be told the truth, and wondering how he would take it.

The lamps that lit the smoking-room were beginning to burn low, and the fire had died down to white ash, the whole place seeming cold and eerie. The girl shivered, feeling a sudden intense longing for light and warmth. Then she came more forward and faced the two men.

"He—Philip Denzil—is upstairs, safe in my room," she said in low tones; and then she turned to John Heron and threw herself sobbing on his breast. He folded her close to him, pressing his lips on her hair, and muttering incoherently. His whole being surged with passionate, over-mastering love and wild gratitude.

"Oh, what an ordeal," the girl whispered faintly, her self-control deserting her as she leant on another's strength.

"Oh, John, the past hour has been terrible."

He strained her to him by way of reassurance with all the strength he possessed, pressing her lips with his own. He forgot wholly the presence of Robert Chevenix, the past that had been, and the days to come. He felt only the fervour of love, and, as lovers have done, he forgot the world, the wings of death and been conscious only of themselves, so Beatrix Chevenix and John Heron forgot the world in each other's arms.

The Premier was heartily sorry for the two, and yet he knew that he had to tell them that their paths must sunder.

He had not believed much in Beatrix's love for John Heron before; indeed, he had looked on the whole engagement as a jest, but he realised the truth now. Undine had found her soul, the beautiful fay was captive, the woman loved!

"Beatrix." Her name uttered softly by the Premier in that melodious flute-like voice of his, famous through the breadth of the Empire, recalled the girl to herself and awoke her from brief dreams to reality. She flushed warmly, disengaging herself from her lover's arms, and she was once more Beatrix Chevenix, alert, cool, self-reliant.

"What is it?" she asked, in almost indifferent tones, binding her hair up as she spoke in a thick gleaming coil. "You did not think I had so much affection in me, I expected—oh, father? You don't know how I love John or how proud I am of being his chosen wife." She reared her head magnificently, throwing down the glove of challenge.

The Premier picked it up. "Before we go further," he said quickly, "I demand the truth." He addressed his daughter, but he looked at John Heron.

The young man moved a little away from Beatrix; he must fight by himself, even the clasp of her fingers must be denied till Robert Chevenix had decided on his course of action.

"You have a right to know the truth," he said slowly, "and whatever questions you choose to ask me I will do my best to answer. What is this Philip Denzil to you?" the Premier asked, looking away as he put the question, "that you show so much interest in his welfare, and why should my daughter conceal him in her room at the risk of imprisonment? Who is he?" He rubbed the glass of his pince-nez with his handkerchief, guessing perfectly well what was to come, yet halting to glance up.

"We owe it to your father to tell him the truth," Heron said slowly, and then he turned to Robert Chevenix. "To the best of my belief," he went on resolutely, "Philip Denzil is my father; but, believe one thing, Mr. Chevenix, I had no idea of this when I asked your daughter to be my wife."

"This is a bit of that, quite sure." The other nodded his head slowly, then looked up with a flash of resolution in his eyes. "You realise, of course," he said, with some determination, "that your engagement with my daughter cannot possibly go on. The son of a convict—the truth is as sure as I am of that, quite sure." The other looked at him anxiously.

"Perfectly," answered John Heron, in a low voice, and then both men turned to Beatrix, looking at her anxiously.

"Give him back his ring, Trix," said the Premier quietly. "Mr. Heron has behaved as I expected him to. Give back the ring at once, and then we can discuss our best course of action, thankful that the worst is over. I know it hurts you, little girl," he added gently; "but it is no good putting things off—what has to be, must be."

To be continued to-morrow. The opening chapters of this exciting story appeared on Monday last. Back numbers can be obtained on application to the "Mirror" Publisher, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

Fels-Naptha

has for its other uses:

- kitchen and pantry;
- housecleaning;
- sickroom;
- spots and grime;
- stable horse dog.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.O

Gentlemen's Kent All-Comers' Championship.—Third round (concluded): "R. Derrick" beat S. R. Arthur (6-4); H. S. Mahony beat A. W. Gore (6-0, 5-7, 6-4); B. Hillyard beat C. G. Allen (2-6, 6-3, 6-2).
 Ladies' Kent All-Comers' Championship.—Second round (concluded): Miss H. Lane beat Miss D. Boothby (6-8, 12-10, 6-3); Miss J. Tripp beat Miss L. Ripley (6-1, 6-4). Third round: Mrs. Greville beat Miss A. G. Ransome (6-1, 6-1); Miss D. K. Douglass w.o., Miss J. Tripp scratched.



THE FOYER OF CLARIDGE'S RESTAURANT.

ARRIVAL OF A GREAT PARIS CHEF.

The bons vivants of London have in their midst a renowned master of the culinary art.

One of the greatest coups of the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte, the chairman of the Savoy Hotel, was displayed when a new maître d'hôtel was some years ago required at the Savoy. Mr. D'Oyly Carte was seriously ill, but he insisted on being carried to the train and on board the steamer, and arrived in Paris at the time when the

famous "Joseph" of the Marivaux Restaurant was in the height of his popularity. Proposals were made for the services of "Joseph," who explained that they could not be separated from his restaurant. "Then I must acquire them both," rejoined Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who bought the Marivaux and returned with "Joseph" to the Savoy where he was then and there installed as Maître d'Hôtel and Restaurant Manager.

A step of similar boldness has lately been taken, by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's son and successor as Savoy chairman. A new cook was wanted at Claridge's Hotel,

which belongs to the Savoy Company. The most celebrated man in Paris was approached, and within a fortnight he and his brigade, consisting of fifteen sous-chefs, sauciers, &c., are installed in the kitchens of the Royal Hostelry in Brook-street. Anent the sacrifice made to get him; whispers tell of great things. It is not too much to say that Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte hardly hoped to capture such big game.

And who is the great man? None other than François Bonnaure, the chef de cuisine of the late Felix Faure, whose banquets at the Elysée during his memorable

Presidency were the most notable since the days of the Empire. M. Bonnaure commenced his art under the great "Joseph" himself. Subsequently M. Menier, the chocolate millionaire, secured his services, which adequately maintained a reputation for giving the most recherché banquets in France. M. Bonnaure has since been chef at Paillard's, and until the last few days controlled the famous cuisine at the Café Riche.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO. LTD., at 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C.—Friday, June 10, 1904.